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November 1949

The American Mercury

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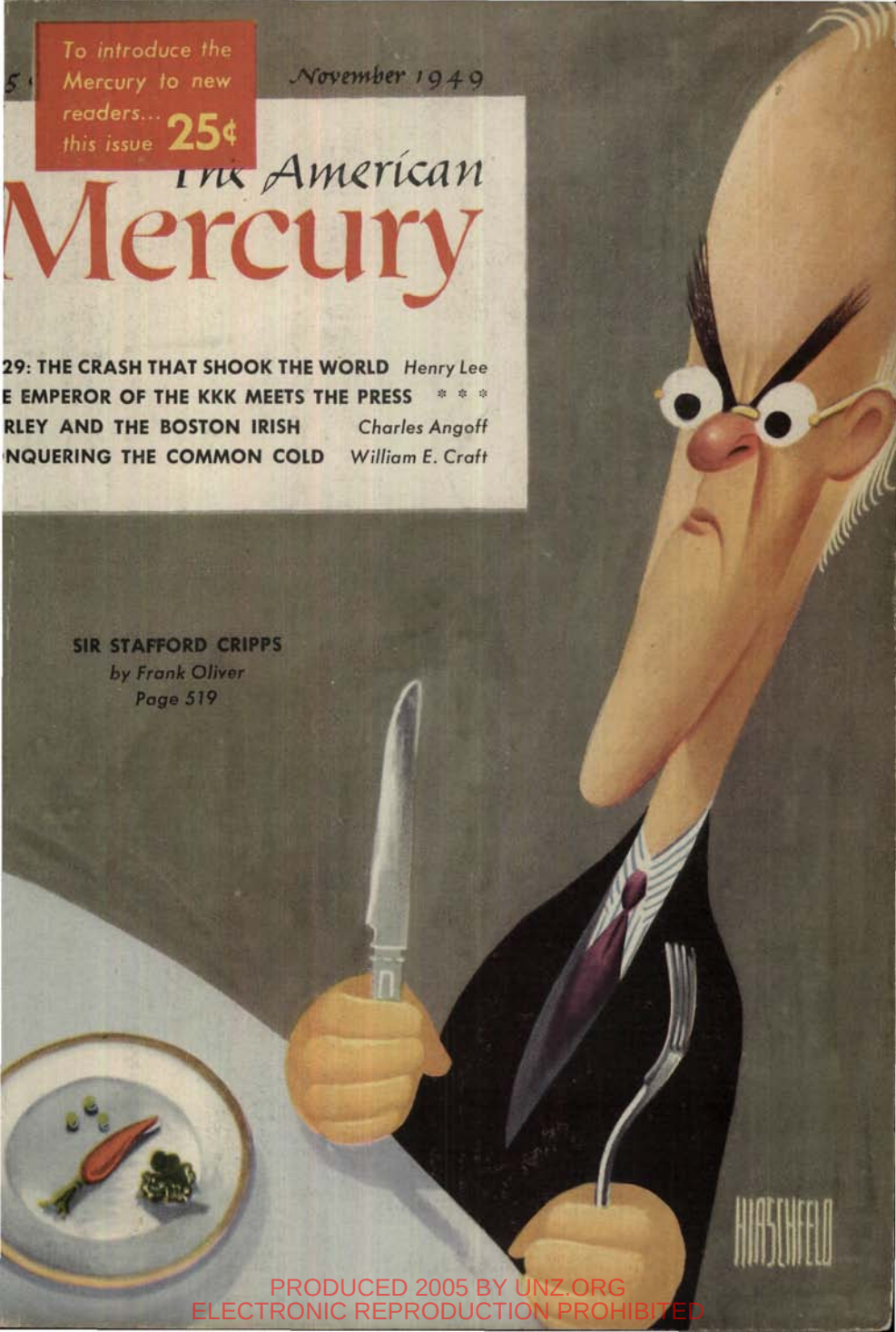

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A magazine can generally be judged by the quality of the contributors to its correspondence columns. Among the men and women who write for "The Open Forum" columns in THE MERCURY *are college presidents, members of the President's Cabinet, foreign ambassadors, generals of the United States Army, clergymen, eminent doctors, union leaders, corporation executives, school teachers, housewives, and college students.**

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The American Mercury

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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription $4.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; $5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The American Mercury for December

will contain, among other things

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TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEED, by David J. Dallin. *The eminent Russian authority here reveals the extent of black-market operation in the Soviet Union, with actual cases and detailed facts, all taken from Russian sources of unimpeachable veracity.*

CHILDREN WHO NEVER GROW UP, by Dr. Howard A. Rusk and E. J. Taylor. *The number of mentally subnormal children is far higher than many people imagine. Dr. Rusk and Mr. Taylor here reveal the exact number, and also what is known and unknown as to the cause of their tragic condition and precisely what to do about making their lot easier.*

YOU SEE, JUDGE, IT WAS LIKE THIS, by Joseph Fulling Fishman. *A collection of strange alibis offered by thieves and other criminals for their acts.*

A BABY IN EVERY BOTTLE, by Helen Woodward. *A brilliant essay on the celebrated and amazing Lydia Pinkham and her fabulous remedy.*

There will be several other features, and also the usual departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, The Skeptics' Corner, The Theatre, and Down to Earth.

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VOLUME LXIX NOVEMBER 1949 NUMBER 311

The American Mercury

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

BY

FRANK OLIVER

SIR Stafford Cripps, distinguished lawyer, Chancellor of Britain's Exchequer, and architect of the socialist plans designed to restore Britain to economic prosperity, is at heart a missionary. This ascetic looking man, whose mind works all day and half the night to bring his countrymen back to material prosperity, would far rather be the means of their achieving spiritual well-being.

Before the war he was the most successful British lawyer of his day and earned an income that could hold its own with that of a Hollywood executive. But he cares nothing for money or what it can buy a man; he is interested, deeply and constantly, in his own spiritual welfare, and wants more than anything else to make everyone a practicing Christian, glorying in spiritual comfort and living in calm assurance of the hereafter.

The story is told about him that he tried, in the early days of the socialist government and nationalization, to show a certain union leader why, under nationalization, he and his fellow workers would have to do twice as much work for the same money. When the union leader protested that this meant the workers, as the new owners of the industry,

FRANK OLIVER, *veteran correspondent, is American manager for the Kemsley Newspapers of Great Britain. His article on Prime Minister Attlee appeared in the* MERCURY *last August.*

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would get less than they had as employees, Cripps replied in all seriousness: "That is precisely the beauty of self-rule — its rewards accrue in Heaven."

His reputation is that of an ascetic. His friends say he doesn't deserve it, but he certainly practices an austerity more befitting a churchman than a politician. In another age he might have been a Prince of the Church. He comes of a long line of lawyers and earnest churchmen, but is a better lawyer than any of them and more religiously inclined than most of them. He has been described as a cross between a Victorian evangelist and a Ford time-study man. It is an apt description.

Although he may not entirely deserve his public reputation as the high priest of austerity, it is easy to see how he got it and difficult to see how, even if he lived in a land flowing with milk and honey, he would lead other than a very austere life. That master of words, Winston Churchill, once described Cripps in a sentence as the latter left a luncheon table at which he had eaten only uncooked food and had talked with a logic that seemed scarcely human. "There," Churchill said, "but for the grace of God, goes God."

He appears to value the pleasures of the flesh at less than nothing. His teetotalism and vegetarianism, it is true, were forced on him by illness, but he was a heavy smoker until recently, when he gave it up altogether and "found it no effort."

Cripps is sixty but he looks younger. He has a thin, ascetic look when in repose, but when he talks informally his face usually lights up with a smile as he makes a quip in his impeccable English. The youngest son of the first Lord Parmoor (himself a distinguished lawyer), Sir Stafford has outshone his older brothers. One is a shipowner, another was a military officer and is now a banker, while a third, the current Lord Parmoor, is also a lawyer.

Sir Stafford's father was a noted King's Counsel specializing in church law. Before being raised to the peerage as Lord Parmoor, he was a Conservative member of Parliament, and three of Sir Stafford's uncles and two of his grandfathers sat in the House of Commons in their day.

Cripps went to one of England's oldest and most famous public schools, Winchester, after which he went on to University College, London, and not, as might have been expected, to Oxford or Cambridge. At 24 he was called to the Bar and had been in practice only a year when World War I broke out. Young Stafford Cripps went to France in 1914 with the Red Cross and worked then as hard as he does now. It was the illness which he then contracted that even-

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tually forced on him teetotalism and vegetarianism.

After the war, he returned to law, and his services soon became the most sought after at the Chancery Bar. His exposition of a brief became something that his fellow lawyers flocked to hear. He mastered every detail and, served by a wonderful memory and a gift for words, made the most intricate legal problems seem clear and simple.

This man's intellect is of a power and a precision matched by few in British public life. It is a trained and disciplined instrument, confidently, even arrogantly, sure of itself. It is cool and logical, never swayed by emotion, weighing all the facts, and arriving at conclusions it regards as irrefutable. This man is ruled by his mind and the flesh must always obey.

Once Cripps has decided on action, it is carried out with relentless determination. He fears nothing and never tolerates the blinkers most people are apt to use when dealing with unpleasant matters.

In talking to him, as I have done, it is impossible to avoid feeling the unyielding logic that dominates his mind. One industrialist said of him recently: "When Cripps talks, you stand shivering in the icy blasts of cold logic."

His mind revels in its own efficiency, which is why people who know him well believe there is in him a core of intellectual arrogance. But this intellect is allied to a character of great sincerity. There is no pompousness in Cripps, and, if there is more than a grain of intellectual disdain, there is nothing in the way of false pride. He is considerate, good-humored, selfless and sincere. Not even his worst political opponent would doubt his absolute loyalty to what he believes to be the public good. They may disagree profoundly with his ideas, but will never doubt his sincerity.

His 1949 budget was typical of the man. After years of austerity, everyone in Britain looked forward to reduced rationing or lower taxation. Cripps, motivated solely by what he believed to be the public good, brought in a budget so severe it was unpopular not only with the opposition but with his own party; yet not even party feeling could make him deviate from what he believed to be best for the country.

After his long negotiations, some years ago, with Mohandas Gandhi about the future of India, the Indian leader delivered a summation of the Cripps character. It expressed great admiration for his intellectual gifts and keen appreciation of his fairness and justice in negotiation. Then Gandhi added: "But in his heart there is not enough humility." There

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are others who have met and talked with Cripps who are inclined to agree with this.

II

What kind of socialist is this amazing intellectual? He is of his party because of his economic thinking and because of deep political conviction. Never has he been anywhere but on the left, sometimes even too far left for comfort. In his earlier years, he quarreled with his party leaders because they were not socialist enough. He wanted them to move much further leftwards; indeed he once tried to unite socialists and Communists in Britain into a single party in the belief that united they could better fight totalitarianism. As a result, he was tossed out of the party and for some time lived in the political wilderness. Later, when he learned more about what the Communists represented and what his fellow socialists were thinking, he was re-admitted.

He learned a good deal more about the Communists in Russia. Among other things, he learned that they hated socialists and "pinks" with a deeper hatred than they reserved for acknowledged conservatives. He also discovered that Russian Communism and his own Christian democratic socialism were poles apart. He never became popular with Stalin. In fact, at one of Winston Churchill's meetings with Stalin, the Soviet premier complained of Cripps' sobriety and asked that next time Churchill send "an ambassador who can drink."

Cripps believes wholeheartedly in the effectiveness of the socialist program. To him nationalization is not a panacea but a change in management. Modernization is his creed. He believes that, since this new management is for the benefit of the working man, it should spur the workers to the same zeal for achievement it inspires in him. He has a fondness for metaphor applied to human endeavor, such as the one he coined shortly after taking control of Britain's economy: "Britain now stands only at the foothills of achievement; the real heights lie ahead." Most of his countrymen shuddered at the seemingly endless vista of austerity, but Cripps was probably filled with missionary exaltation.

His career in the House of Commons has been unusual and remarkable. He did not enter the Mother of Parliaments as a young man. He was first elected at the age of 41 and has represented the same constituency, East Bristol, ever since. He has never moved his audiences there and perhaps never will, but he retains a firm hold on his seat. When he was drummed out of the Labour party in 1938 he was called a political corpse, but he refused to be buried. Now a

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socialist government without him is unthinkable.

Since his return to the party his parliamentary career has been one of marked successes punctuated by one big failure and two periods of unpopularity. His great failure was as leader of the House of Commons (corresponding to majority floor leader in Congress) in the Churchill government after his return from Moscow. His handling of his difficult Moscow assignment had brought him more parliamentary popularity than he had ever enjoyed before, but his treatment of the House dissipated it in a matter of days. He irritated the entire House by his attitude, best described as that of a headmaster pontificating to schoolboys.

Today that has changed. As a minister in the socialist government, he has earned the respect, if not the affection, of the House. He will never achieve the emotional mastery of that chamber as did Lloyd George or Winston Churchill, but he enjoys an intellectual mastery, which has won for him the admiration even of those who disagree with him.

Cripps is not a born politician. His profession is the law. He is not a trained economist, or a financier, or a businessman. But since assuming his present duties he has made himself master of these things just as he made himself a master of the law. He can now talk on any or all these subjects with ease and clarity. There seems to be no subject he cannot master if he wishes to or if he has to.

In this he is helped by a great ability to distinguish quickly between the important and the trivial. Few people anywhere work as hard as he does. Moreover, he can, whenever he wishes, cut his mind off completely from one matter to give his entire attention to another. He is not the kind of thinker who lets various matters "stew" for a while. He deals with them immediately and definitively. His mind is cluttered with no "unfinished business."

Let us look at his day. He reaches his desk in Whitehall by nine o'clock in the morning. He works there steadily until seven in the evening, and of those ten hours he takes a bare half-hour for lunch. When he leaves, he takes home a red leather box full of Cabinet papers. He dines with Lady Cripps and then relaxes for a short evening, for at ten o'clock, or at the latest ten-thirty, he goes to bed. He may spend the evening discussing affairs with his wife, who shares all his interests, or with friends, but whoever it is, the retiring hour is seldom changed. He sleeps less than most people, is awake by 4 A.M. or soon after. It is then he opens the box of papers he brought home the previous evening. He works

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on them steadily until breakfast time, and by then he has completed enough work to keep his secretaries busy for the rest of the day.

III

His views on Christianity, economics and politics are set forth in his book, *Towards Christian Democracy*, which makes clear that, for him, politics and religion are, or ought to be, the warp and woof of the same material. In this book he pleads for wise legislation, with government standing guard and guiding man's welfare. Politics have their place in man's spiritual redemption, he argues, but politics are worse than vanity unless they have the impulse and direction of religion. God must be part of all. It is because men have forgotten God, he contends, or because they have neglected the things of the spirit, that the world has advanced so far along the road to death and ruin. "Without religion and moral inspiration," he writes, "democracy must fail. It will be too feeble to stand up against the ruthless efficiency of material dictatorships."

In one respect, Cripps is in tune with Churchill — he believes that one of the basic ingredients of statesmanship is to be as pessimistic as the facts warrant. He wishes to lull no one with false hopes. In this he is at odds with many of his socialist colleagues, who would love to give the impression that in material things the kingdom of heaven is at hand simply because a socialist program is being enacted.

Cripps believes in using every instrument of publicity: posters, films, radio, newspaper advertisements and the news columns of the newspapers. He likes a press conference and conducts one with skill and urbanity. The personal touch is important in his view, because he desires to be understood and liked. He is described as a delightful host with much personal charm, and will see that every guest is drawn into the conversation. He always listens with care to all that people have to say to him. He has the lawyer's gift of extracting with delicacy and ease the thoughts of the person with whom he is conversing; but, once the door is shut, that person disappears from his mind like a picture fading from the screen, and he turns to other things.

Civil servants who have seen a variety of administrators say that Cripps is a good one. For one thing, he tries to inspire by example. He believes that although human nature is notoriously weak and often unreliable, there is basically something in all human beings which will respond to the call for service. Some of his friends believe, however, that one of his weaknesses is that he doesn't

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realize people need incentives that a Cripps doesn't require, that not all people are dedicated, that not everyone brings to his tasks the single-mindedness of a Cripps.

Another asset in his present office is that he has, in a busy life, learned a great deal about business and business management. Industrialists who come in contact with him as Britain's economic boss respect him for his efficiency, and say frankly that if he had gone into any business instead of law, he would probably have earned even more than he made at the Bar.

But money doesn't interest him. He is ambitious, but in other fields and other directions. He believes he is a dedicated man, a state of mind that stems from his intense religious beliefs. He is not an ardent member of any particular church and has gone beyond churches and sects in his religious thinking. He lives, say friends, in the mental stratosphere of pure ethics. From these exalted heights he seeks to bring his fellow men not to material well-being alone, but particularly to a spiritual renaissance. He is doubtless a little lonely there, and genuinely wants to bridge the gap that lies between himself and ordinary humanity, but doesn't quite know how. He earnestly wants all men to be spiritually reborn so that only love and comradeship govern their affairs. That is why he finds austerity easy to bear; for him the things of the spirit outweigh those of the flesh.

Where does Sir Stafford stand in political ideology? Perhaps only two people know exactly, the Chancellor and his wife, who shares his life completely. He has been called, with justification, a "political mystery man" and an "ideological enigma." Before the war he was regarded as the most left of British socialists. Now he is called "a deep pink" and a "right-wing socialist." He seldom makes speeches or statements which give any clue to his political beliefs, and one can only deduce where he stands in national and world affairs.

It can be said with conviction that he is strongly in favor of the socialist program his government has enacted and is enacting. He has certainly been behind its program of nationalization. He is an extremely powerful member of the government, and no one has suggested that he has at any time been lacking in enthusiasm for the principles behind its program. He wants for the workers all the things that his government has given them and promised them. There is no suggestion that he has tried to shave the expensive national health scheme which sits so heavily upon the Treasury, the moneybags of which he has controlled.

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IV

He is an egalitarian through both his political and religious thinking. He wants to narrow the distance, economically speaking, between the poorest and the richest. He wants wider distribution of this world's goods, wider distribution of privilege. His political opponents say this attempted equal distribution leads in the end to Communism. Cripps doesn't think so, since Britain is wedded to the political freedoms that cannot exist in a Communist State.

His power is enormous. He can dictate what Britain shall produce and how much. He controls imports and exports, agriculture and fisheries. He runs the Exchequer and frames the taxation schedules. He makes decisions as to what Britons shall eat and what they shall wear. His position as Minister for Economic Affairs gives him almost dictatorial power over industry, labor, transportation and broad economic policy. He heads the Joint Planning Board which seeks to make the best use of the nation's industrial resources.

Socialists maintain that Cripps and the government of which he is part have "persuasive" rather than dictatorial powers, but there is an iron hand of power inside the velvet glove of persuasion. Cripps is in fact a government on his own. No such peacetime concentration of power in one man's hands has ever been seen except in a totalitarian State. But socialists claim that this is made necessary by the period of economic emergency through which the country is passing.

In 1947, when he was President of the Board of Trade, he laid the foundations of the economic policy he is now pursuing. It can be expressed in a single phrase — more production and more austerity. Britain must produce or die. Britain must sell a quarter of her production or perish. In that year he threatened that if private manufacturers did not produce more and better export goods, the government might start new industries to do it. A wave of enthusiasm swept the country and production began to mount. For the first time, this austere man moved the country as a whole — but it was only for a time.

By the end of 1947 he was declaring, "Britain is on the move and we can face next year with quiet confidence." But three months later he warned bluntly that only the Marshall Plan could save Britain from bankruptcy. Still later he predicted that Britain would be on her economic feet by 1952. Since then depressing news has come from the Chancellor's office. In the spring of 1949, making his statement on the serious outflow of gold and hard currencies, he re-

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minded the House of Commons that in world trade a seller's market had become a buyer's market. The recent decision by Cripps and Attlee to devalue the pound may be taken as Britain's final offer in that market. If the devaluation does not boost British sales substantially, then catastrophe is surely on the way.

But that wasn't the whole story. The change of market was something foreseeable. Upsurge of production necessarily produced a buyer's market. Perhaps the Chancellor had advocated insufficient austerity? He had urged, and enforced, austerity in living to the point where one political cartoonist pictured him announcing, "Now we will ration cuts."

What he had not rationed, what had not come within his program of austerity, was social legislation such as the national health scheme, unemployment and pension schemes, which burden the Exchequer so heavily. He and the government (or the government with Cripps) had undertaken the terrifically expensive task of producing a worker's millennium while striving simultaneously to put a devastated economy back into a healthy condition. A strong, secure economy might have borne the weight of that millennium. As it is, that economy is close to bankruptcy for a number of reasons, one of which is undoubtedly the cost of the socialist dream, and Sir Stafford and Mr. Bevin had to come to capitalist Washington to find means of saving it.

Perhaps in his efficient calculations, Sir Stafford dwelt too little on human nature as it is and too much on what he wishes it were. Perhaps he measured ordinary, fallible, competitive, ambitious men by his own standards, which balance the material with the spiritual. Perhaps he miscalculated both worker and industrialist.

The average worker in Britain still thinks the millennium is just around the corner. Wages are high, workers feel they are co-owners of industry; they are also guaranteed full employment, and are taken care of medically "from womb to tomb," after which their dependents are taken care of. There are pensions for all. Except that food is short and rationed, conditions are almost ideal for the average worker, who feels the time has come to relax and enjoy life. He does not see, and cannot be expected to see, any relation between the socialist prosperity in which he lives and the American and Canadian loans and the Marshall Plan aid which have helped to bring it about. Nor does he see the relationship between his present state and the condition of international trade. The worker in the mass can hardly be expected to realize that, if foreign aid is cut off, or unless he produces and exports

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much more, his paradise is near bankruptcy. He sees no need for blood, sweat and tears.

On the other hand, the average industrialist claims, with more than a little justification, that he is taxed almost out of existence, that private enterprise isn't wanted and hardly pays, and that he is robbed of ordinary human initiatives. He doesn't know when he is going to be nationalized and become, in effect, a servant of the government.

Sir Stafford does not have that understanding of human nature which is the valuable possession of a Churchill. During the war Churchill had the genius to build up average Britons to a majestical belief in their own powers. Churchill made all men and women believe they were capable of miracles — and in consequence they performed several. Sir Stafford has not been able to produce in the British people the physical miracles needed to save their economic life, as Churchill persuaded them to save their political life.

Nevertheless, Cripps remains a key figure in the British political and economic picture. His popularity in his own party is limited, largely because he is not an easy man to know and like, and because his unswerving adherence to his own principles have caused him to do things obnoxious to party members. Thus if Attlee for any reason stepped down, Cripps would appear to be the logical choice for Prime Minister. But there are not many people in England who would predict the succession for him.

He might, however, achieve this by another route. If the next election were to produce a stalemate between socialists and conservatives, and a coalition were to be formed, Cripps would be precisely the kind of man both parties could agree on to head such a government.

NOCTURNE

BY MARY POOLE

Come out,
stand close to me:
earth rides the silent sea
of night . . . a silver voyage free
of doubt.

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THE IMPERIAL EMPEROR OF THE KKK MEETS THE PRESS

Even as the South is making efforts to bring the operations of the Ku Klux Klan more into the open, and is enacting laws designed to put an end to the violence attributed to it, the officials of the various Klans have been making the headlines. Recently, Lycurgus Spinks of Alabama, Imperial Emperor of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klans of America, appeared on Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in association with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. *The broadcast, slightly cut, is here reprinted in the public interest.*

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Dr. Spinks, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald;* Edward T. Folliard of the Washington *Post;* Drew Pearson, columnist and radio commentator; and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the MERCURY. Albert Warner of Mutual presided.

WARNER: Dr. Spinks, before we begin the questioning, is there anything you'd like to say?

SPINKS: Well, I'd just like to say this — that I'm fully conscious of the fact that every newsman that I'm facing tonight is an arch-enemy of the organization that I represent. I naturally presume that you hate me because I'm a Klansman. And now, as soon as I say hello to the finest grand-baby on earth, I'll be ready to start battling it out with you. Hello, little son. Stay in there and pitch for your granddaddy. I'm going to make him a Klansman at ten years old.

WARNER: I see Mrs. Craig has the first question.

CRAIG: May I say first, Doctor, that newspaper people don't hate anybody. We just try to find out what makes them tick. Can you tell me how many subjects you've got in your invisible empire?

SPINKS: I wouldn't tell you that if I knew.

CRAIG: Why? Is it a secret?

SPINKS: Yes ma'am.

CRAIG: Why a secret in a democratic country?

SPINKS: Because it's expedient to have secrecy in a democratic country.

CRAIG: A secret organization in a democratic country? Do you think you're above the law?

SPINKS: Have you any privacy in

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your home, or in any organization of which you're a member?

CRAIG: Well, sir, I'm to ask you the questions. I'm sorry.

SPINKS: I thought we'd finally get over to that.

CRAIG: Do you feel that the Klan is above the law? Is that why you keep it secret?

SPINKS: Certainly not. It's the one organization in America today that has the grace and the grits and the backbone to stand up four-square and defy all people who propose to destroy our laws and our Constitution and our government — particularly the Communists of this country.

SPIVAK: Dr. Spinks, I have here a booklet called *Why You Should Be a Klansman*, and it says, "Your place is with an organized movement that is effectively creating respect for law, emphasizing obedience to law." Now do you think that flogging, terrorizing and lynching, all of which the Klan has been accused of, create a respect for law?

SPINKS: There has never been a Klan in this United States that ever endorsed flogging or in any way violating the law. Every Klansman in this country takes an oath to this effect — that he will obey the law himself and that he will under all circumstances aid and assist all constituted officers of the law in the faithful performance of their legal duty.

SPIVAK: Are you suggesting that there have been no night-riders, that there have been no floggings on the part of Klansmen?

SPINKS: I would not say that no Klansman ever flogged anybody. But we had a Klansman down in Alabama the other night that got flogged.

SPIVAK: Well, doesn't the very ——

SPINKS: I don't know who flogged him. It certainly wasn't another Klansman.

SPIVAK: But doesn't the very secrecy of your organization encourage that kind of lawlessness?

SPINKS: No sir.

CRAIG: Isn't the purpose of your organization to control and keep down the Negroes? Isn't that your prime purpose?

SPINKS: No sir. One of the purposes of our organization is to see that the Negroes in the United States get a square deal at the hands of white people and everybody else that has to do with the laws in this country.

CRAIG: Then why are all Negroes and all Negro organizations against you?

SPINKS: They are not against us.

FOLLIARD: Name one that is for you.

SPINKS: All the niggers down South know that the best friend they've

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got on earth is the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

FOLLIARD: Could you name some organization that has endorsed the Klan? Some Negro organization?

SPINKS: I don't keep up with Negro organizations except what the Baptist Church is doing among niggers. That's the only one I've preached in.

SPIVAK: Well, if you have such a wonderful organization, and the Negroes and all the white people in the South are for you, why must you hide behind masks as you've done all these years? Why must you keep your membership secret?

SPINKS: We do not have to hide behind a mask. I stated to you that the first official act of my administration was to command all Klansmen in the invisible empire to remove their masks.

SPIVAK: I know it. But they did have them in public before, didn't they?

SPINKS: Yes.

SPIVAK: Well, why did they have them in public before? What were they afraid of?

SPINKS: Not a thing in the world.

SPIVAK: Every self-respecting organization that I know of, that does a patriotic job, always wants its face to be seen. Why did the Klansmen hide theirs? And why do you hide from each other now?

SPINKS: We do not hide from each other. We do not hide from the public. Our faces are wide open. In all our parades now, you can see the boys face to face. And if it's expedient and necessary for any Klansman to keep his membership secret, then it's his business to stay out of the parade.

PEARSON: Emperor, do you represent the Georgia Klans?

SPINKS: I represent the Knights of the Ku Klux Klans of America, all of them.

PEARSON: Do you represent the Federated Klans?

SPINKS: Every Klansman in America.

PEARSON: They claim you don't.

SPINKS: I'm here to speak for them and defend them in any attack that you make. And I'd like for you to start making them, old man. Every criticism that you ever made of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan on your program has been — not — not one single word of truth in it.

PEARSON: And now, Emperor ——

SPINKS: And this spy that you've got down in — in one of our Klans in Atlanta is a moral degenerate, a leper, and every time you quote him over the radio you are aiding and assisting a man who has repudiated one of the most sacred oaths that a man ever took.

PEARSON: You were once Grand Dragon of the Mississippi Klans?

SPINKS: Yes.

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PEARSON: They claim down there that you were not.

SPINKS: Well, I don't care what they claim. They're just like you. They claim anything on the earth that pays off politically or financially.

PEARSON: That includes Governor Fielding Wright, I suppose?

SPINKS: It certainly does.

PEARSON: You once sued him for $50,000 . . .

SPINKS: I certainly did.

PEARSON: . . . because he disclaimed you.

SPINKS: No sir, that's not true.

PEARSON: How did the suit come out?

SPINKS: I sued him because he threw a — a slanderous dagger into my back, in my absence, at night after the sun went down over in Arkansas. I withdrew the $50,000 suit against him without prejudice. And remember this, brother, and I hope the Governor is listening. That suit's renewal depends entirely on his conduct from here on out.

SPIVAK: Do you think lynching is ever justified?

SPINKS: No.

SPIVAK: Do you think that cross-burning is ever justified?

SPINKS: Yes, if you want to burn one.

SPIVAK: Well, you're a Baptist minister ——

SPINKS: I'm an American, and a free-born one, and if I want to burn a cross I'll set it afire. If you can put it out, just come on.

SPIVAK: The Baptist Church Organization in the South has denounced the Klan and the Klansman's creed as un-Christian.

SPINKS: What? Who?

SPIVAK: They say that ——

SPINKS: Wait a minute. Who said that?

SPIVAK: The Baptist Church Organization.

SPINKS: When?

SPIVAK: They say the cross must be borne, not burned. Well, how do you, as a Baptist minister, condone the burning of the cross?

SPINKS: Wait a minute. Isn't that a little group of Baptist men in North Carolina?

SPIVAK: I haven't kept careful check of all the Baptists ——

SPINKS: All right, I'll take all the Baptists; just put them all in there, if you want to, and I'll answer it. The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan believes and practices and preaches and proposes to die for everything that Baptists believe. There's 238 Communistic organizations in the United States that say everything Baptists believe and preach is a lie. Why don't they take a shot at them?

SPIVAK: But Dr. Spinks ——

SPINKS: They haven't got the guts.

SPIVAK: Do you as a Baptist minister

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believe that the cross should be burned or borne?

SPINKS: Both. How you going to borne a cross? Who ever heard of such a fool thing?

CRAIG: That's what Jesus said.

SPINKS: Jesus never said any such thing.

SPIVAK: Do you believe that Jesus would have been a Klansman if He were alive?

SPINKS: I believe — He was.

FOLLIARD: Emperor, in Georgia and Alabama, thirty Klansmen have been indicted for outrages. Do you disavow those thirty men?

SPINKS: Where do you get your information?

FOLLIARD: In a very reputable newspaper, the New York *Times*.

SPINKS: Well, they don't know what they're talking about. I'll give you the facts if you want them.

FOLLIARD: Have any of your members been indicted?

SPINKS: They claim that three out of eighteen are Klansmen. One of them talked to me about it and told me that he was in Florida on his vacation when the flogging that they accused him of took place, and he could prove it by a hundred witnesses. I begged the courts in Birmingham to try these men they indicted six or eight weeks ago, begged them like a dog to try them. They've got more judges in Birmingham than they have fiddlers in Hell, but you can't get them to try them.

FOLLIARD: One other question ——

SPINKS: You know why? They're scared to do it. They're afraid the whole thing will wash out. . . . What I got here?

WARNER: You're too close to the microphone.

SPINKS: Well, all right.

WARNER: You don't need a microphone.

SPINKS: I told you I didn't need this thing. Come on, let's go, brother, let's go.

FOLLIARD: Isn't it a fact that your organization has lost greatly in numbers? Isn't it much weaker than it was?

SPINKS: Certainly. A great many of them died. We had two-and-a-half million in 1923 and '24 and '25, and now we've only got about a million. A great many of them died. And it's an underground organization. It was born in a cave, and when it's necessary to get out of the way of our enemies, we duck and go under the ground. We had to do it fifteen years ago. When this New Deal crowd started to cut our throats, we just went underground and told them where to go. I don't know whether they went or not.

FOLLIARD: You mean it's only half as strong as it was, is that right?

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SPINKS: Well, that's dealing in figures.

PEARSON: Emperor, do you still have Klans in the North?

SPINKS: There are klaverns and Klansmen all over this nation.

PEARSON: You once posed as the reincarnation of George Washington.

SPINKS: I did . . .

PEARSON: Which did you find the ——

SPINKS: . . . and I made a good job of it.

PEARSON: Which did you find the more lucrative, posing as George Washington or running the Ku Klux Klan?

SPINKS: Well, I haven't tried running the Klan long enough to give you that answer.

PEARSON: Do you think George Washington would have stood for floggings at night?

SPINKS: How was that, brother?

PEARSON: Do you think George Washington would have stood for floggings at night, and secret raids, and the beatings and the carryings on that your ——

SPINKS: No, and the Ku Klux Klan of America has never endorsed it either. And I challenge you and tell you that there's not a word of truth in that assumption.

SPIVAK: Do you have in your Klan any eminent educators, doctors, ministers, engineers ——

SPINKS: Every kind, from wearing overalls to broadcloth. Every kind, from just-can-read-a-little to the best-educated ——

SPIVAK: Are any members of Congress Klansmen today?

SPINKS: Is that so? You think I'd tell you that?

SPIVAK: Well, you can just tell me generally.

SPINKS: I took an oath to the effect that I'd never expose the identity of a Klansman unless he was already exposed.

SPIVAK: You just told me a minute ago that there were doctors and engineers and scientists in your Klan.

SPINKS: Yes.

SPIVAK: Well, are there any Senators or congressmen?

SPINKS: I won't say.

SPIVAK: Why not?

SPINKS: Because I don't want to.

PEARSON: That's because you don't know, isn't it?

SPINKS: Well, I wouldn't say I don't know.

PEARSON: Isn't it the truth that you've been in this game a very short time, and that you don't even know who's under you?

SPINKS: I don't think it's a fair question at all.

CRAIG: Doctor, as a Baptist minister and a clergyman, you must regard all men as brothers. Do you regard

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Jews, Catholics and Negroes as your brothers?

SPINKS: I most assuredly do. That is, I believe in the universal Fatherhood of God. I'm a brother of all of them.

CRAIG: Then why do you not allow them in your organization?

SPINKS: Listen. They can come in the very minute that they qualify.

CRAIG: What do you mean by that?

SPINKS: I mean they have to qualify.

CRAIG: You mean a Negro must say he's not a Negro?

SPINKS: Well, he couldn't join, because it's a white man's organization.

CRAIG: That's what I mean.

SPINKS: All right. A Jew can't join because he denies the virgin birth of Christ. A Catholic can't join because he has allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and no man can be a Klansman who has allegiance outside of the United States.

CRAIG: *Then all men are not* ——

SPINKS: Now, I want to ask you this. You have the Knights of Columbus. The Negroes have their organizations. The Jews have their organizations. We have never tried to join them. Some of the best friends on earth I've got are Jews and some of them are Catholics, and we discuss things pro and con right out of the heart. We never have any differences about it. If they could become Klansmen, I'd be tickled to death for them to do it. But they just haven't got what it takes.

SPIVAK: Dr. Spinks, I want to know how you reconcile the aims of the Ku Klux Klan with real Americanism. For example, you are against all foreigners: wasn't America built by foreigners?

SPINKS: Why certainly. I haven't got anything against a foreigner.

SPIVAK: Could your Scotch and Irish ancestors have joined the Klan?

SPINKS: They could not. You have to be born in the United States.

SPIVAK: Well, where is the Americanism of the Klan?

SPINKS: You've got to be a white, native-born, gentile Protestant to join the Klan. Now that ought to answer all that.

SPIVAK: I understand all that. But the thing I don't understand is how you reconcile ——

SPINKS: Therefore ——

SPIVAK: *May I finish my question?*

SPINKS: Well, let me finish my statement.

SPIVAK: You can't answer a question until I've finished it.

SPINKS: Okay.

SPIVAK: How do you reconcile all that with Americanism? That's what I want to know. I know what your Klan stands for, but is it American?

SPINKS: Oh, *do* you know?

SPIVAK: Well, you've just told me.

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SPINKS: It stands for constitutional government; it stands for the enforcement of law; it stands for free enterprise; it stands for our American way of life. How much time we got? Listen to this. We might just as well get down to the milk in the cocoanut. Everybody in America who has sense enough to know whether John the Baptist ate wild honey or salt or molasses knows that the Communists in this country and their activities are the greatest threat to American liberty and freedom that this nation ever saw. And we, the Klansmen of this country, are not going to take it lying flat on our backs.

WARNER: Mr. Spinks, let me put in one. You referred to some of the things the Klan stands for. Does it stand, for example, for voting by Negroes?

CRAIG: That's constitutional.

SPINKS: You mean my nigger voting?

WARNER: Uh — let's call them — let's call them Negroes.

SPINKS: Yes. I want Negroes to vote. We call them Negroes and I call them brother in the Baptist Church.

CRAIG: Do you not prevent them from voting?

SPINKS: No. I'm in favor of them voting.

CRAIG: Negroes report that you prevent them.

SPINKS: They do not report that I do.

CRAIG: Yes sir. Your Klan stands around . . .

SPINKS: Well, I wouldn't know about that.

CRAIG: . . . at the polls.

SPINKS: Never heard of it in my life.

CRAIG: You need to look around, don't you?

SPINKS: Listen. When the Klans were organized in 1866, all the white men in the South were disfranchised. And the only way that they could get their government back and re-establish a white man's government was to kill the doggone carpet-baggers and put the niggers back to work, and they did it that way.

SPIVAK: The Klansmen have invariably denied the responsibility for acts of mob violence, haven't they?

SPINKS: Yes.

SPIVAK: Doesn't the very existence of a secret organization such as yours, with masks and hoods and all the rest of it, give irresponsible people a shield behind which to break the law?

SPINKS: I wouldn't say that.

SPIVAK: Well, hasn't the law been broken by such people? You admitted that a minute ago.

SPINKS: Well, now we've taken the masks off.

SPIVAK: Well, why don't you take the secrecy out now too?

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SPINKS: I'm not a-going to take the secrecy out of it. Jesus Christ taught the expedience of secrecy when He asked the Apostle Peter who He was and he told Him; He said, well, don't tell anybody. Keep your mouth shut until I get into Jerusalem and get this job done.

PEARSON: A couple of years ago, some of your Klansmen gave me rather a rough heckling when I spoke down in Atlanta, Georgia, and I'm sure you won't mind if I ask you some questions which might be a little embarrassing. First, you've been posing here as a great American. Now, you were once a preacher, a Baptist preacher.

SPINKS: I am now.

PEARSON: All right. You say you still are. I doubt that, but anyway, you preached at Blacksburg, South Carolina. Why did you leave there, and what happened?

SPINKS: Why I left Blacksburg, South Carolina? Because I went to — you want to make this thing personal?

PEARSON: No. You're ——

SPINKS: You want to run this thing into personalities?

PEARSON: You're —— you're posing as a great American ——

SPINKS: I'm posing as it and I am ——

PEARSON: All right. Then tell us why you left Blacksburg.

SPINKS: Because I wanted to move to Mississippi to my plantation.

PEARSON: And didn't South Carolina try to extradite you from Mississippi?

SPINKS: No. That's a lie.

PEARSON: Well, now, weren't you receiver for a bank in Blacksburg?

SPINKS: Yes.

PEARSON: And weren't the accounts found to be out of order?

SPINKS: No.

PEARSON: They tell me exactly the opposite.

SPINKS: All right.

PEARSON: You remember J. H. Bridges and J. H. Allison in Blacksburg?

SPINKS: Yes.

PEARSON: They preferred charges against you on behalf of the stockholders of the bank.

SPINKS: All right. Go ahead.

PEARSON: And Governor Bilbo of Mississippi refused to extradite.

SPINKS: No. He was never asked to do it.

PEARSON: Well, your denial is not good enough for me.

SPINKS: Well, my denial is certainly ——

PEARSON: I was — I was on the telephone to Blacksburg about 35 minutes ago . . .

SPINKS: Bilbo is dead.

PEARSON: . . . and they tell me exactly the opposite.

SPINKS: You can't do anything about it. Bilbo is dead. But I've been in

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South Carolina numbers of times, and spoken. I held a meeting in South Carolina in — in the capital since then.

PEARSON: Because the statute of limitations has run out.

SPINKS: No. There is no statute of limitations. I say that these fellows that you're talking about got sore with me because I wouldn't let them rob the poor. They were stockholders — robbing the poor people who had their money in that bank, to send their children to school with.

PEARSON: You say you're still a Baptist minister. I have a letter here from the secretary-treasurer of the Baptist Church of South Carolina who says you are not.

SPINKS: Well, he's a liar.

CRAIG: Will you tell me, please, what is your salary? How much money you make out of the job? Do you have any other jobs?

SPINKS: That certainly is nobody's business but mine.

CRAIG: Why would you object to saying, when you hold a more-or-less public office?

SPINKS: Well, I've only been in about two weeks. Give me a little time. See how much I can make out of it.

CRAIG: Do you have any other job?

SPINKS: Oh, yes. I'm in a lot of things.

CRAIG: Would you tell us what?

SPINKS: Uh, no. Not much now. I'm looking after my grand-baby.

FOLLIARD: Emperor, why did the state of Alabama enact a law unmasking the Klan?

SPINKS: Because the politicians figured that the Klan wasn't strong enough in that state to re-elect them. And now, in about four months from now, they'll want to repeal the infernal thing, so they can get the Klan to vote for 'em. That's what they did it for.

SPIVAK: Why is it, if your organization is an American organization, that so many states have tried to outlaw the Ku Klux Klan?

SPINKS: I don't know that they done it. But how do I know why a state will do a thing? It depends on its leadership.

SPIVAK: Well, they haven't tried to outlaw any of the other organizations, the Roman Catholic organizations, the Jewish organizations.

SPINKS: There's 238 Communist organizations in this country, and we can't get anybody to outlaw them.

SPIVAK: Why don't you just fight the Communist organizations without fighting the other organizations?

WARNER: Well, I'm afraid I must bring this to an end.

SPINKS: Go ahead. Give me a Klan question.

WARNER: Our time is up. You've had a good many of them, Dr. Spinks.

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1929: THE CRASH THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

BY *HENRY LEE*

In Boston, it was the daily custom of a vague, amiable old lady to telephone her broker as soon as the stock market opened, listen to his advice, and then buy a sizable list of stocks. She would putter about her bric-a-brac, write letters to the *Transcript* denouncing penny-gambling among street newsboys, and then call her broker again shortly after lunch.

"Sell everything," she'd say without bothering to get the latest quotations. Usually, she made a fat profit, too, though she scarcely knew a bull from a bear. She was just one of the tens of thousands of financial innocents who were riding the Great Bull Market of the late twenties up, up and *up*.

Then there was the young man scarcely out of his teens who put $2000 into an investment trust stock. The same day the stock split two-for-one and then jumped 100 points. As the young man pocketed his $8000, a senior member of the brokerage house respectfully asked his advice on market conditions. The young man murmured bullish generalities; it would have been embarrassing for him to admit that he'd bought solely on a hunch expressed by a *junior* member of the same brokerage firm.

All over the country, in those late twenties, a carnival of speculation swept the staidest and the shrewdest off their feet. The liquor was vile, but everybody was happily betting his shirt on guess-and-gosh. "Be a bull on America!" men said on Boston's once-conservative State Street. "Never sell the United States short!" came the echo from Spring Street, Los Angeles.

In Toledo, the Mudhens, a city team composed largely of senescent big leaguers, batted, fielded and pitched spottily because the whole team was up to its caps in market speculation. "Let me give you a tip," thundered Manager Casey Stengel at batting practice one day. "Buy New York Central — because tomorrow morning a lot of you boys will be taking trains out of here in all directions."

HENRY LEE, *a veteran reporter now on the New York* Daily News, *began his newspaper career covering the aftermath of the stock market crash he describes in this article.*

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For the moment, though, Herbert Hoover seemed better informed than did Casey. "The poorhouse is vanishing from among us," he said in his 1928 acceptance speech. And so it seemed. Frederick Lewis Allen, in *Only Yesterday*, has tabulated that last rosy year-and-a-half of prosperity. Between March 3, 1928, and September 3, 1929, American Tel. & Tel. soared from 179½ to 335⅝, General Electric from 128¾ to 396¼, Montgomery Ward from 132¾ to 466½, and Westinghouse from 91⅝ to 313.

It was a different America then, with implicit faith in its heroes, its easy money and its stocks that would go up and up and never come down. In 1928, Al Jolson was opening in *The Jazz Singer*, and men were staring impartially at the new Model A Ford and the knee-length skirt. And in the first nine months of that delirious year, as prices and buying pressure crept near the explosion point, more than $1 billion in new stocks was quickly absorbed.

The men were exclaiming over Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones, the women over a sleepy-voiced crooner named Vallee. Serious-minded people were reading *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (100,000 copies sold in three months). Those who also read the newspapers found the financial pages as lively as the great pageants of sport and entertainment.

"The tremendous Hoover bull market gained unprecedented momentum yesterday," a newspaper exclaimed on November 13, 1928. "The rush for stocks ushered in with the election outcome reached the proportions of an avalanche." Four days later, according to the sober New York *Times*, there must have been something of a super-avalanche! "Trading . . . reached the greatest heights of confusion in the memory of the oldest members. A milling, gesticulating mob of brokers fought for stocks all day long. . . . The Stock Exchange was a madhouse."

In Des Moines, a corner grocer put his $5000 savings into $15,000 worth of General Electric on margin at 128¾. When he saw it in the 300s the next year, he accounted himself a wise man indeed. Of course, he never bought outright, but became a purely paper-made success. In Dayton, a retired school teacher borrowed on a small inheritance to gamble on margin, quite successfully at first. A bookkeeper in Kansas City was assured by his company that its stock was "pegged" at 100, and so he put his daughter's education savings into it. He couldn't lose, he was assured, and maybe it would go up and up, and he could send her to Paris for her schooling. All over the country, things far more precious than money — homes, schooling for the young, se-

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curity for the old — hung by the ticker tape.

In 1929, prospects looked better than ever. More than a million margin players, mostly the little people, were in up to their necks. They were holding an estimated 300 million shares of partially bought stock and fought each other to snap up $2.75 billion in new issues. A Stock Exchange seat sold for $625,000, and wives, nagging at timid husbands, said, "There! I told you so." The Federal Reserve was denounced as a meddler with prosperity when it tried to halt the inflation caused by easy bank money. An honest or lucky investment advisor was almost sued when he sold out his clients near the top.

Of course, if you could read between the fine print of the statistics, you could have seen what was coming.

In September 1929, according to the Stock Exchange's own tabulation, brokers' loans made a record gain of $667,764,553. Back in the spring of 1926, they had totaled $2,767,400,514. Now the total stood at $8,549,383,979. According to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Wall Street itself attributed this Niagara of credit to "exceptionally heavy financing of new investment trusts which mounted to an all-time record in September, and, secondly, presumed widespread liquidation of stocks by strong holders — the shares passing, according to such accounts, from the strongboxes of genuine investors to the margin accounts of speculators."

Sooner or later, the balloon of crazy speculation, crazy credit and crazy hopes had to blow up. Even today, no one is quite sure *why* it happened when it did, and perhaps the date is meaningless — Thursday, October 24, 1929.

E. H. H. Simmons, Stock Exchange president, was then honeymooning in Honolulu. President Hoover had just disclosed plans to use battleship construction funds for the completion of a vast inland waterways project. The Carnegie Foundation report, shocking millions, charged that one in every seven intercollegiate athletes was "subsidized" to a point verging on professionalism.

In Wall Street, Roger Babson was reported bearish as usual, but Irving Fisher and Charles E. Mitchell were represented as expecting a rally after Wednesday's premonitory selling wave. At 10 A.M. Thursday, the trading gong sounded as usual. Then, quite suddenly, in about the time it is taking you to read these words, a way of life came to an end.

II

There is today an entire generation which knows only vaguely that twenty years ago this month some

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sort of calamity smote the exchanges. To an older generation, remembering the panic, impoverishment and suicides, the 1929 stock crash is America's worst peacetime disaster.

More than paper fortunes crumbled away that incredible month while Palm Beach boasted kitchen faucets made of gold and New York apartments were advertised at $45,000 yearly. To a greater or less degree, the pricking of the financial balloon which eventually wiped out $55 *billion* in values on the New York Stock Exchange still affects all of us, for it marked the end of free-and-easy, uninhibited America. Thereafter people demanded security and stability, even if it meant increasing government intervention in their lives.

But it was a hard-learned lesson; the toll in death and heartbreak was incalculable. Women were carried screaming out of brokerage offices. Men sat with fixed smiles as the ticker tape carried away profits, stocks, then savings, and finally their life insurance and homes.

In one city, a real estate man scooped up a handful of twisted tape and was last seen walking toward a river, tearing the paper into bits and tossing it over his shoulder. A wholesale merchant jumped to his death in New York, and a Chicago grain broker took gas. In Scranton, a civil engineer soaked himself in gasoline, then lit a match. His wife perished, too, trying to beat out the flames. Only a phrase not yet invented could describe what happened to the hopes and fortunes of America's millions of market players. They had been *hiroshimaed*.

By chance, the conflagration started that October Thursday in 1929 as 6000 shares of Montgomery Ward changed hands at 83. (The year's high had been 156⅞.) Then the selling orders, like tongues of flame, flickered in from Boston, Bridgeport, Memphis, Tulsa, Fresno. The ticker never caught up with the market, even when the incredible occurred at 11 A.M. that Thursday. At that hour, for large groups of stocks, there were *no* bids at any price.

At some of the 1100 branch offices the brokerage houses then maintained throughout the country, storms disrupted communications, adding to the panic. Even in major financial centers, telephones were so clogged with calls to sell that thousands of investors couldn't get through. As they called and called again, their stocks were dropping five, ten, twenty points. One clergyman finally reached his broker for advice, but that harassed man could only advise: "Wait! Wait and *pray!*"

The ticker kept lagging further, and the day's final sale wasn't recorded

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till 7:08 P.M., four hours and eight minutes after the market had closed. In the blank interim, no one knew what he was worth, except that it was less than it had been an hour before. There was only one sure thing to do: *Sell!*

At Wall and Broad, 10,000 small-time players stormed the Exchange, which had to be roped off by the police. At noon, the city's five biggest bankers, controlling $6 billion in massed resources, met in the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. with Thomas W. Lamont, senior Morgan partner. The result of their cogitations was a profound understatement. They had found only "a little distress selling."

"It is the consensus of the group," their statement went on, "that many of the quotations on the Stock Exchange do not fairly represent the situation." In other words, there were bargains to be had that Thursday afternoon if you kept your courage up. To dramatize the situation, Richard Whitney stepped to a trading post at 1:30 P.M. and made his bid of 205 for U. S. Steel when it was going at 193. Whitney later went to jail, but not for this futile gallantry.

Slowly, between pluck and greed, the market turned against its downward momentum. To the accompaniment of cheers and whistles, the morning's losses of about $6 billion were halved by the end of that record-breaking, 12,894,650-share Thursday. (It remained a record for almost a week.)

Some 974 issues had been traded with disastrous results. The natural gas stocks, like Dixie Gas & Utilities, Arkansas Natural Gas, and Southern Utilities, skidded only 3 to 17 points. But the higher-priced bank shares, particularly First National of New York and United States Trust, were forced to 300-point declines. Insurance stocks were badly hit. Home was down 70; Globe & Rutgers and Connecticut General Life each off 50 points, Travelers down 100. On the Curb, Electric Bond & Share and Aluminum were down 20 each, Auburn 25, Burroughs 19¼. Between October 11 and October 24 General Electric plummeted 90 points, American Tel. & Tel. 56¾, Montgomery Ward 61⅜, Westinghouse 79, Consolidated Gas 50¼.

III

After Black Thursday, there was a breather. From the White House on down came driblets of consolation for the poor, misguided little investors, who thereupon loyally poured in the last of their dollars to achieve an artificial stability that carried them over one week end of hope and on into the lean years.

President Hoover intoned: "The fundamental business of the country

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— that is, production and distribution of commodities — is on a sound and prosperous basis." To which the Treasury Department added, "Business is fundamentally sound." The president of a huge trust company had "no fear of another comparable decline," and Arthur Reynolds, board chairman of Continental Illinois Bank of Chicago, said: "This crash is not going to have much effect on business."

After the week end of October 26–27, brokers sold out their shakier margin customers, and individuals who had stuck by regional favorites — natural gas stocks in the South and Southwest, investment trusts in New York and the Midwest — threw in their shares. The rout was on again.

Tuesday, the twenty-ninth, the Exchange reeled under a buffalo stampede of selling never seen since, and never before all the way back to May 1792, when 24 brokers had met under a buttonwood tree to establish the market. It was a crash heard 'round the world. In London, brokers and jobbers stood in the pouring rain to follow cables of the convulsions. The coffee market closed in Rio de Janeiro, and diamond buyers deserted Amsterdam's Tulpstraat and Saphartistraat.

This was the day of the "millionaires' slaughter," and in blocks of 5000 shares, 10,000 and even 50,000, the cream of America's resources was thrown to any buyer at any price. Utilities, railroads, communications, industries, sold like junk. In the five market hours almost 16,500,000 shares were dumped, their market value shrinking an estimated $10 billion. Counting all the exchanges through the country, the total loss was calculated at $14 billion. Just sixteen representative companies, according to a New York *Times* estimate, lost almost $3 billion in the open-market value of their shares.

That dreadful October, the state of New York was the only winner. Through its two-cent tax on stock transactions it made a killing of almost $5 million. In Minneapolis, three months after the Secretary of War had dedicated the 32-story Foshay Tower Building, Wilbur Burton Foshay's economic empire of utilities, hotels, drugstores, textile factories, and shoe companies, in twelve states and five countries went into receivership.

Buried under the corporate wreckage were the people who would never sell America short — hundreds of thousands of them. They had had a year or two of good going for their money — and the consolation from *Time* that they'd done right. The 1929 low was reached November 13, and five days later *Time* proclaimed: "Speculation is the shadow of in-

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dustry thrown forward on the wall of the future." Only a very polished mortician could have phrased it more suavely.

In a way, when it came, the little bookkeeper suffered the most merciful financial death. He was sold out early on Black Thursday, so all he lost was the dream of his life to send his girl to college. The teacher was washed out, too, but she had to keep paying interest on the dead horse of her margin loan. The grocer tried to ride the storm by hocking his wife's jewels, then mortgaging his house, finally pledging his life insurance. All these weren't enough, and he had to tell his brokers: "You're in the grocery business now."

From Bangor to Seattle, the doctors reported, they were treating cases of nervous exhaustion. The honeymoon with easy money, the dangerous game of shadow-playing on the wall, the bursting, bullish confidence — call it what you will — was over at last.

It all ended so quickly that some editors didn't have time to stop their presses and make over. In black type on a lush gold cover-panel, the November issue of *World's Work* trumpeted: "How Far We Have Come in 30 Years." Next month, an article was anachronistically entitled, "Why We Are Prosperous." And the week after the crash the *Literary Digest* was solemnly explaining "Why the Railroads Are Doing Better."

Eddie Cantor tried to make the nation laugh with *Caught Short*, the story of his own market troubles. (When he heard that Julius Rosenwald had arranged to protect the margin accounts of Sears Roebuck's 40,000 employees, Cantor said he had wired Rosenwald for an office boy's job.) Will Rogers observed that we were the only nation in history which went to the poorhouse in a limousine.

Mostly the humor was macabre. "Sleep or leap?" the hotel clerks were reportedly asking when guests showed up without luggage. Two men jumped hand-in-hand because, the wags explained, they had a joint account. A New York cop gravely reported he found a parrot which kept crying, "More margin! More margin!"

"The morale of the people must be maintained," Mayor Jimmy Walker exhorted New York's movie exhibitors. "You can help by showing pictures that will reinstate courage and hope in their hearts." This statesmanlike appeal didn't do the job either, and ordinary people crossed fingers, rapped wood, eventually sang *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*

IV

The gestures, plans and panaceas did little or no good. In Washington, President Hoover called in the top

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industrialists to talk things over, but not much was accomplished. George B. Cortelyou, then president of the Consolidated Edison Company, who was one of those attending, later confided to a friend: "I was never so confused in my life." U. S. Steel and American Can declared extra dividends, but the pawnbroker nearest to Wall Street said that his loans had tripled. The nice-Nellyism of press agents in avoiding words like "depression" was remarkable. In the 1932–33 issue of the Stock Exchange's yearbook, the only reference to the crash read: "Oct. 29, 1929 — Record volume of stock shares traded in. (Reported volume: 16,410,030 shares.)"

But the graveyard-whistling was futile. At its all-time, 1932 low Anaconda Copper had dropped from a high of 140 to 3, General Electric from 403 to 8½, General Motors from 91¾ to 7⅝, Montgomery Ward from 156⅞ to 3½, New York Central from 256½ to 8¾, Westinghouse from 292⅝ to 15⅝. That's how bad things were.

In the face of such contrasts, all the Monday quarterbacking in the financial pages and magazines was unavailing. Vainly the optimists pointed out that there had been four previous bear markets in a quarter of a century, and that all along the line, despite panics and depressions, our national wealth had been increasing steadily. The public was little comforted.

What had happened, so brutally and rapidly? Broadly speaking, there were these three basic causes:

(1) In the six years of the Golden Bull, with the encouragement of the Coolidge-Hoover "business" administrations, stock prices had been allowed to soar out of all sane relation to their actual worth. The credit for buying them had become tremendously overextended as well, and the easy money shot the prices up. Beneath the mountain of paper and debt there just wasn't the ore in the form of physical assets.

(2) For some time, there had been technical, but plain, indications that the market was sliding. Steel output had been cut and auto production was sagging. In the market fluctuations, the *downs* went heavier than the *ups*, leaving a general decline. Foreign interests had a rôle in the débâcle, too. After the Bank of England money rate was advanced to 6.5 per cent, huge sums being loaned out here on call were suddenly withdrawn. Heavy selling of American securities resulted. In addition, London interests which were heavy holders of key issues unloaded quickly when the Clarence Hatry financial failure at home pinched them.

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(3) Without the restraint subsequently exerted by SEC, the bulls and bears frolicked in pools and rigged sales with wanton disregard of the public interest. Holding companies and investment trusts, in most of which stockholders had no management voice, spread web-like. Even so conservative a banker as Otto H. Kahn later denounced them as "inventions of the devil."

Can these things occur again? Not in the old ways, certainly. Today the banks are policed and insured, the markets watched by SEC, the investors wary. Wall Street is on almost painfully good behavior. Americans just won't go down to the Street again in such numbers with such ebullience, and today you can buy a $625,000 Stock Exchange seat for less than $50,000 — or about what it was back at the turn of the century.

In *Only Yesterday*, Allen caught it well:

> The Big Bull Market had been more than a climax of a business cycle; it had been the climax of a cycle in American mass thinking and mass emotion. There was hardly a man or woman in the country whose attitude toward life had not been affected by the sudden and brutal shattering of hope. With the Bull Market gone and prosperity going, Americans were soon to find themselves living in an altered world which called for new adjustments, new ideas, new habits of thought and a new order of values.

AND TO HOLD

BY DOROTHY WAUGH

We long for immortality
In dread at death's finality;

Not that we find this life too dire;
Not that toward heaven our hearts aspire;

Perhaps to redeem some trenchant loss;
Perhaps to proceed without the cross;

But most that we suffer to let go
Of all we have and all we know.

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THE CANDY BAR

A STORY

BY *OLIVER H. P. GARRETT*

AFTER dinner, as usual, the Colonel proceeded to get pretty tight on the wine. One after another, the officers and civilians of his staff excused themselves and left the table, each man careful to wait a minute or two before following the others; none of them had forgotten the time several of the staff started to leave the table together and the Old Man had made them all sit down again and wait until he was good and ready to leave, which wasn't until well after midnight. Now only Paul was left to keep the Colonel company. When he'd sat down at the Colonel's right he'd realized he'd be the last to escape, but, as it was his last night, he'd felt he couldn't dodge it decently.

"Stop fiddling with your watch," the Colonel said, "and pass the wine. You have all the rest of the night for that girl of yours, and I won't get to see you again before you pull out in the morning."

It was the first time the Colonel had ever referred to her except respectfully and as "Madame." The new term sounded ominous to Paul, coupling itself unpleasantly with the recent news stories from back home about Congressional charges of immorality among American forces of occupation. He could feel the dry pull of his lips as he smiled. "I'm in no hurry, sir."

He caught the wine bottle as the Colonel fumbled it. Only then did he realize how thoroughly sloshed the Old Man was; nobody could ever tell from his face, which was always flushed, nor from his walk, because of his ex-cavalryman's roll. The only sure sign was if he started to sing *Zamboanga*, and he never did that when there were enlisted men within hearing.

"I don't know what the Sam Hill I'm goin' to do without you," said the Colonel, spilling the wine as he poured it. "I'm no goddam intellectual. When it comes to this information-psychol-

OLIVER H. P. GARRETT, *a graduate of the old New York* World, *has been devoting himself in recent years to writing plays, short stories, and motion-picture scenarios.*

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ogy-morale stuff I'm like a doughfoot on a horse. All the use I am is to see that you civilians, who know what it's all about, get the equipment and bodies you need to do your stuff. Don't think I don't know I've just been the housekeeper of this outfit; you've really bossed the show. And now they're taking you away from me. The brass says it's Priority One, or I'd send somebody else, so I guess it has to be you. But it's like losin' part of my brain, an' I ain't got so much I like to spare any."

"Don't worry, sir. Freihof can handle things here."

"A goddam heinie." Sometimes, the Colonel's expressions were a war or two behind the times.

Paul didn't answer; too often he'd tried without result to make the Colonel understand that genuine, longtime anti-Nazis couldn't be classed with all the rest of the krauts; besides, Freihof would soon prove to be his own best argument.

The Colonel refilled both of their glasses. "Well," he said, "*salud.*"

Paul relaxed. "*Salud*" was the Colonel's only concession to a foreign language, a relic of the days when he'd commanded a cavalry regiment in Mexico under Pershing, and he never used it except when he was feeling sentimental and expansive.

"*Salud, mi coronel.*" Paul drained his glass and started to push back his chair, but the Colonel's outstretched hand checked him. Automatically, a habit of months, Paul gave him a cigarette and lit the match.

"About that girl ——"

So his first hunch had been right; there was going to be trouble about her. Paul resigned himself to a lecture.

"I don't know how you ever found anybody like her," went on the Colonel, after a pause. "She looks like a lady. Acts like one. Not like any of the rest of them I've seen — maybe because she's Belgian. Or how you managed to transport her all the way up when I had you transferred here. An' I'm not asking. I don't want to know. In the Army not knowing things is sometimes as important as knowin' 'em."

There was another, longer, pause. The Colonel stared at the glass in his hand, as if fascinated by the snug way it fitted. Paul rubbed salt into the wine stains on the tablecloth. Finally, abruptly, the Colonel pushed his wineglass away. Their eyes met.

"It'll be all your own show up there. As my deputy you'll have full authority. I don't need to tell you everybody'll be shootin' at you."

"I understand, sir."

The Colonel stood up, tilted his barracks hat over his eyes, and picked up his leaded riding-crop. He steadied himself against the table.

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"Goodnight, gentlemen," he said and gave his cavalryman's salute, as if Paul weren't the only one there. Swinging his crop, he rode off on an invisible horse, his weight well forward over the pommel, his rear end stuck out behind and his body swaying from side to side.

It was perfectly clear what he'd meant: no scandal, please. Remember the general order about the unauthorized use of government vehicles; if she follows you under her own steam, you won't be able to go on living openly with her; you're no longer just a civilian attached to the armed forces, but deputy of the C.O. and an integral part of the chain of command.

II

For months it had been obvious that this moment might come at any time, anywhere, but Paul had avoided thinking about it. Now that it was here, he was surprised that his first feeling was one of relief. Then, almost at once, he was conscious only of a vast emptiness, all the emptiness of the months ahead of him without her, without any woman, with only other men, similarly trapped, and their sharpened envies and intrigues.

The big outer messroom was filled with listless groups of civilians and officers, playing cards by candlelight at the cleared dining tables, sprawled on the shabby couches in desultory conversation, and gathered about the rattletrap piano bellowing *White Christmas*. Paul lingered, wandering from group to group, although he knew that she and her friends had been waiting for him more than an hour at the house up the hill. Watching and listening, silent and unnoticed, he was filled with the foreboding that just such evenings stretched before him in an endless row, evenings which drove men in despair to the mock-fellowship at the piano, and each with the same bleak ending in the comfortless embrace of a solitary bed in a barren room.

Instead of turning up the moonlit hill to the house where he'd promised to meet her, Paul plunged down into the sullen shadows of the town. No light came from the shuttered windows ahead of him, and the only sound was the sharp click of his metal shoecaps on the cobblestones. Pale patches of moonlight on the stone faces of the buildings gave them a look of chill resentment, as if all the city's accumulated hatred of its conquerors were exuding into the street. Paul quickened his pace.

He turned into the deeper darkness of a tree-lined avenue, bordering the cliff which separated the upper and lower levels of the town. He'd gone only a little way when he became conscious of faint sounds behind him,

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like the echo of his own footsteps. He stopped short and listened. A faint metallic click seemed to catch his ear after too long a lag for any echo. He hurried on a few steps and stopped again, quickly; again the sound. He felt the prickle of sweat on his neck, and he peered back into the unrevealing darkness. Silently, he tiptoed to the curb, blending his shadow with that of a tree-trunk. He shielded the blur of his face with his coat collar, and stood rigid, scarcely breathing. He saw nothing and heard nothing. But larger and larger within him grew the certainty that somebody, matching steps with his, had been following him, and was now creeping closer; already might be almost on top of him; in another instant would be scrabbling at his throat. In a sudden blur of panic, Paul bounded from the tree into the street. Stumbling between the trolley tracks, he fled toward a distant street lamp.

He didn't hear the pounding of his own feet as he ran, nor recognize the street lamp until he reached it. Its hissing, spluttering light wavered feebly on a long flight of steps, leading down past the rooftops to the town's lower level and his own apartment. He went down the steps in great erratic bounds, like a flung ball. At the bottom he checked himself, to look back and see if his pursuer was still following him.

How long he stood there, clinging to the railing and peering up the steps, he had no idea. He was aware only of the watery weakness in all his joints, and of the dragging inner ache as his panic receded, draining him like an undertow. Distantly, faintly, he heard an alarm clock ringing in one of the shuttered houses somewhere nearby. He found himself wondering idly what strange kind of job could require anybody to set an alarm to go off at eleven o'clock at night; and, simultaneously, like the same thought, he knew that nobody at all had been pursuing him.

Although there were even fewer street lamps in the lower town and the moon had been snuffed out by heavy clouds, he walked the rest of the way home without glancing over his shoulder; he was aware only of the anger swelling within him against the town, which had made him make a fool of himself, even if nobody had seen him.

The huge solid iron street door squealed rustily, in spite of his care to open it gently, and it closed again only after a push that made it clang like a gong. In the inner courtyard his footsteps reverberated like the rhythmical thump of a marching platoon. The old fashioned pull-rope elevator seemed to shake the entire building as he rode up to the fourth floor. And the rattle of the clumsy key in the

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front door of his apartment was enough, as he knew, to wake everyone in the adjoining rooms. He smiled grimly, thinking how much sourer all those sour burghers would be when she came home later and repeated the whole noisy performance.

"To hell with you," he said aloud, and slapped his door shut with a bang.

III

He didn't notice the familiar shaking of the walls by the elevator nor the sound of a key; suddenly, just as he turned from dumping his equipment on the bed, she was standing there in the doorway of the bedroom. He was startled into an instant of seeing her as a stranger, as if it were literally the first time he'd ever laid eyes on her. Why, she's really beautiful, he marveled; exquisite, rather, she's so tiny; she does look like a lady, or even a Hapsburg in miniature, with that thick braid of soft brown hair coiled about her head like a crown.

"Why do you do that?" Only the movement of her eyes indicated the things on the bed.

"I'm being transferred up north," he answered. "The Colonel decided today to send me up there to take charge."

Her expression didn't change. Only the slight shifting of her grip on the badly worn leather handbag she always carried told him that she'd heard. Her slim, gently tapering fingers, with their rounded nails a natural pink, emphasized her air of breeding.

"You go tonight?"

"Tomorrow, first thing." Deliberately, he tossed it at her like that, without any trimmings; he had to know, for once, how she really felt, and whether she'd meant it when she'd said she'd go with him if he was ever transferred again.

She didn't answer. She was looking past him, over his shoulder.

"In a jeep," he added, even more brusquely.

It still didn't register.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded, and turned in the direction of her gaze. There was only his field-jacket, lying on the table by the window. "What are you gawking at?"

"You have chocolate?"

He was so surprised he laughed. He'd forgotten that this was the day he invariably stopped at the PX and bought his weekly allowance of candy and cigarettes. He'd done it as usual that afternoon, stuffing candy and crackers into his field-jacket so automatically that he hadn't even remembered that they were still there.

"Sure," he said, "only they didn't have any chocolate this time, just candy bars."

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She smiled happily as he handed her an Oh Henry bar. "It's the same like chocolate," she said, nibbling at it. Her eyes half closed, as if in ecstasy, she crossed to the bed and sat down on it with her legs folded under her like a schoolgirl. He pushed his helmet and the other things off on the floor and sat facing her.

"Don't you give a good goddam that I'm going?"

She stopped chewing and eyed him speculatively. "What good is it if I'm sorry?"

"No more candy bars, is that all?"

She gave him one of the quick, sharp glances he'd learned to recognize as danger signals, and went to work again on the candy.

"You said once that if I were transferred again you'd go with me."

She didn't look at him. "Is it permitted?"

"I can't take you in the jeep, of course, but there's nothing to prevent you from going by train, like anybody else, if you really want to."

"Do you wish it?"

That angered him; she'd always dodge like that if you'd let her, as if you were trying to break into that private vault of hers where she kept her feelings, if she had any. Besides, how did he know whether he wished it or not, until he knew if she did?

"God damn it!" he said, "I'm asking you what you wish."

She looked down at her hands, carefully re-wrapping the torn paper about the half-eaten candy. "Does it matter?"

"Of course it matters. I'm not your master. I want you to want to be with me."

There was a faint movement of her shoulders, an almost imperceptible shrug. "I'll go."

He laughed ruefully. "The same old shell-game — now you see it and now you don't. The hand is quicker than the eye. Okay, Madame, so's mine."

She didn't try to avoid his hand or push it away. She just said, "Please, you make wrinkles," and stood up and smoothed out her skirt. Then, with leisurely matter-of-factness, she undressed. There never was any coquetry in the way she did it, nor boldness, nor resignation; she simply took off all her clothes.

IV

The way it had always been, making love to her proved to be a strangely individual enterprise. Although they both shared in it, there wasn't even an instant of fusion of their separateness. Once again, he felt that she was never farther away from him than at the moment when they should have been closest. And he was left with the now familiar sensation of having been used and at the same time excluded, as if a door had been slammed in his

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face. Tonight, he had hoped, would be different.

"Don't you love me at all?" he asked. She turned her face away impatiently, as he'd been afraid she might. For some reason she had always hated his asking that; but tonight he meant to know, one way or the other. "I'm going away tomorrow," he pleaded softly. "We may never see each other again. Can't you tell me you love me? Say it just once."

This time she buried her face in the pillow. Why did she have to act like that? Why couldn't she say it, even if she didn't mean it? At that thought, he felt an inner twinge; he'd never said it to her either. Okay.

"I love you." As he said it, he knew that for making him say it he would never forgive her. "*Je t'aime beaucoup, cherie,*" he added quickly; in French it didn't seem such a betrayal of Sylvia and the kids, but that had come too late.

She turned her head and looked up at him curiously. "Why do you say it? You love your wife." Her voice told him nothing; there was neither jealousy nor reproach in it.

"That's different." Oh, God! The smell of the stale plush of smoking cars; the rank odor of drying sweat in locker rooms; a fat man, with a belly as loose and white as junket, quivering all over with laughter: "An' I said, 'My wife's different, honey, she's an amateur.'" She'd reduced him to that.

He could hear himself adding lamely: "Sylvia wouldn't mind about us. She'd understand. She and I have been through too much together, and we have the kids. It's different."

He was conscious of her steady gaze, but he only saw Sylvia as he'd last glimpsed her, standing beside the runway as his plane took off for London. All these months, he'd managed to keep what belonged just to Sylvia and him and the kids decently apart from this, and now it was getting all messed up together.

He wasn't aware of any movement of her body beside him, but she was already halfway across the room toward the bathroom. As always, she held her small, neat body very erect as she walked and kept her arms folded in front of her.

He'd noticed that habit of cradling her breasts in her folded arms their first night together. For a long time, he'd assumed it was just her way of keeping herself from jiggling uncomfortably. Then he'd found out that she was ashamed of her breasts, that she really felt they were so big they were deformed, although they weren't at all; they were only a trifle fuller than you might expect, perhaps, on such a tiny woman, but firm and well shaped and in proportion.

It had been the softness of her fig-

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ure in a severe little tailored suit which had attracted him most in the first place. As she crossed the threshold of his bare, makeshift office in the river town where he was then stationed, she seemed to usher in with her a warmth and friendliness which were like a refuge from the all-pervading hostility of that deadly country. He knew, of course, she was only there to get something out of him, like all the others who got past his subordinates. Obviously, she was one of the "desperates"; her black handbag was worn brown in the creases, and the pinstripes of her gray flannel suit disappeared at the elbows, where they'd been rubbed away. For all her quiet smile and air of gentle dignity, he was prepared for hysterics.

When she remained calm and poised, he was grateful. When she laughed, neither softly nor too loudly, but naturally and freely, he was charmed. When the favor she sought turned out to be nothing for herself but only that some young woman she knew, who'd been fired from her job with the Americans, be given another chance, he asked her out to dinner. And when she refused, until he suggested the officers' mess instead of one of the local black market restaurants, he was sure of her instinctive good taste, and he felt that he'd found the one thing that could make his bitterly dull, lonely job bearable.

The stakes were so great he was very careful not to risk a rebuff. As long as he went on living in his musty single room in a requisitioned hotel, filled with other Americans, he didn't even suggest that she come up to his place for a drink. He devoted two weeks to devious negotiations, conducted through an unsavory chain of taxi drivers, café waiters, and black market operators, trying to find an apartment he could rent. The only furnished one available turned out to consist of seven huge rooms, choked with fancy fixtures, sombre draperies, and over-elegant furniture, but he promptly took it and moved in. Not until then, after they had dined as usual at the officers' mess, did he venture to propose that she pay him a visit, and then only on the excuse that he needed her expert advice.

She accepted without hesitation, asking only that on the way they stop for a moment at the shabby hotel where she had a room with another young woman. When she rejoined him in the lobby, she was carrying a small traveling bag. He didn't dare believe that she'd come, just like that, without his having to go through all the usual maneuvers, to spend the night with him, so he just acted as if he hadn't noticed the bag. He couldn't believe his ears when, the instant she entered his apartment, she asked: "Which is where you want

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me to sleep?" Dazedly, he motioned toward his bedroom, and she disappeared into it, carrying her bag. In a couple of minutes she came out again in nightgown and négligeé. Later, he learned that the little traveling bag contained everything she owned in the world, and that she had come to stay.

At the time, he'd been too excited by the whole thing to be troubled by its quality of unreality; it was still pretty exciting, just remembering it; but the unreal feeling in relation to her had never left him entirely. He had told himself, many times, that she seemed strange to him only because she was wholly without false modesty and puritan nonsense, such as still plagued him from his youth. But that didn't explain why, whenever they made love, there remained a barrier between them, seemingly of her creation. At such moments, he accused her secretly of living with him only for what she could get out of him. And then he'd remember that she'd never asked nor accepted anything from him, except candy from the PX, their usual dinners at the officers' mess, and occasional trifling sums for her actual current needs. Furthermore, he had to admit she'd never been more than distantly polite to other American officials much more important than he was, who could have done more for her.

V

Lying there on their bed and listening to her running the water in the bathroom, he felt more puzzled and hurt than ever before. Tonight, the last they might ever spend together, she still eluded him as she had from the beginning. He knew about her only what she'd told him: she was 24; had been born in the Belgian Congo, where her father was a government official; had run away from home to marry a wealthy planter, who had provided her with luxuries but had insisted on ensconcing his mistress in the same house with her; had run away from her husband back to her own home, to find her father was dying; had returned to Brussels just before the war, taken a small night club job in Antwerp, where she introduced the acts over the dance floor microphone, until the Germans came. Thereafter she had worked variously as a seamstress, a governess, a waitress, a fashion model, and a librarian; her friends included people who had collaborated with the Germans, but Counter-Intelligence reported her own record as clear; and once a week she wrote short letters to her mother. These things he knew about her and, knowing them, knew nothing.

Her small, erect figure appeared from the bathroom in nightgown and slippers, the slippers he'd given her.

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She looked even daintier than when she was naked. But, as she came toward him, he had the sudden knowledge that he wasn't in love with her and never had been; love had nothing to do with those moments of dizzy excitement she'd given him or which, perhaps, he'd given himself; love was knowing somebody the way he knew Sylvia, being so much a part of each other that you couldn't tell where either one of you began or left off. Then why did he care if this girl loved him?

"You haven't said yet that you want to go with me."

The words came out of his mouth, and he knew their meaning, but he had no notion why he'd said them.

She ignored him, as if he hadn't spoken, pulled down the covers, and slid into bed.

"Aren't you even going to answer me?" he persisted.

"Please," she replied. "Everybody in the house hears."

"Oh, for God's sake!" He swung himself over her and off the bed. He went on with his packing without looking at her, but he was aware that she was watching him. When he'd finished, except for his shaving things, which he could shove into his musette bag the last thing in the morning, he turned on her. She was lying there chewing at the candy bar again.

"I don't get it," he said. "If you don't give a goddam about me and never did, why did you sleep with me? Why have you gone on sleeping with me?"

She closed her eyes and kept on eating the candy. The blood rose to his head.

"Put that goddam thing down and answer me."

Her eyes took on the opaque light he'd seen in them once or twice before, when he'd lost his temper with her. They had the same sullen, secretive look as the shuttered houses in the moonlight. He wrenched the candy from her hand, stepped to the window, and threw it out into the street.

"*Cochon!*"

She was standing beside him, her head little higher than his shoulder, her eyes tiny bottomless holes. Involuntarily, he stepped back, but only more words came at him, with the sting of pebbles. "*Vraiment, vous êtes un cochon, un sale cochon.*"

"For once," he said bitterly, "you come up from under that rock. Sure, you've got a heart. It's just in your belly."

A single wisp of hair had come loose from her braid and dangled over one of her eyes. The effect was one of startling, shocking disorder, and her delicate oval face had a swollen look.

"*Bête! Sale Américain.*"

"That's why you always wanted to

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eat at the officers' mess. The only thing you ever loved was to fill your guts."

She was suddenly at the door, buttoning her black, capelike overcoat over her nightgown. He caught her wrists.

"Where d'you think you're going dressed like that?"

She made no effort to wrench free; he could have held both her wrists with one hand.

"You hurt me," she said. "It gives you pleasure?"

"Why you little bitch!" He let go of her. "But if you go down there after that candy bar, just don't come back. I don't care if you have to sleep in the street."

She eyed him coolly, scornfully. "I have other places to sleep. Plenty places."

He slapped her across the mouth, hard.

"Just a candy and cracker whore. You'd go to bed with anybody for a fig newton."

He slapped her again and again, first with the front and then with the back of his hand. Her face didn't redden; it remained the color of dough.

Then, suddenly, she was gone. He stood listening for the slam of the outer door and the shaking of the elevator, but he couldn't hear anything. As if he were dragging heavy weights with his legs and arms, he hauled and strained the few steps to the window overlooking the street.

The moon had come out again. From the shadow of the building a small figure detached itself and headed up the street. Abruptly, she paused. The thought stabbed him that she was looking up at the window in a last mute farewell; but then he realized she was stooping; she was picking up the remains of the candy bar.

He fell face down across the bed, seeming to be enveloped by darkness as soft and warm as a womb. For the first time in months, he slept dreamlessly.

"The lady will be back later for her things," he told the caretaker in the morning, and jumped into the jeep beside the driver.

It was very pleasant riding along in the sun. He knew he should feel depressed, remorseful; he'd certainly behaved toward her about as badly as anybody could. He wondered which of the "plenty places" she'd gone to last night. The Colonel? He could get her more candy bars than she could eat.

"You're sure feelin' good," said the jeep driver.

Only then he realized that he was grinning; that he didn't care whom she'd gone to last night; and that he'd always be deeply grateful to her for that, especially for that.

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THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE THEATRE'S NONSENSICAL BELIEFS

FEW OTHER enterprises are ridden by more hollow convictions than the theatre. It argues, for example, that a play must never mix its moods, yet O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* does it very auspiciously. It still holds that the happy ending play is its best commercial bet, yet all kinds of plays like *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *Shadow and Substance*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Mister Roberts*, *Edward, My Son*, etc., have prospered more greatly. It believes there is no money in tragedy, yet *Medea*, *Anne of the Thousand Days*, *Death of a Salesman*, etc., have played to big business. It imagines that a musical show without a lot of dancing is a bad risk, yet *South Pacific* is one of the greatest successes in years. It maintains there is no large audience for wit and that only belly-laughs are the ticket, yet the revivals of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Man and Superman*, etc., cleaned up.

It further believes that there is no box-office for a play in which the central character is unsympathetic, yet numerous plays like *Craig's Wife*, *The Little Foxes*, *Detective Story*, etc., have been very successful. It sneers at the mildew on Ibsen and then gives its prizes and box-office returns to a play like *All My Sons*, which is identical in theme with one of Ibsen's plays. It prides itself on its increased sophistication, yet it revels in Oscar Hammerstein's innocent lyrics and Richard Rodgers' gentle tunes. It deplores the excessively increased cost of play production and points out dolefully that even a one-set play can not be brought into New York for less than fifty or sixty thousand dollars, yet such successes as *The Glass Menagerie*, *The Silver Whistle*, etc., cost nowhere near any such fancy sum.

It firmly believes that "a young

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woman can't play Juliet, and when she gets older and can play it she is too old for the rôle," yet Mary Anderson played Juliet and caused a sensation when she was seventeen, Fanny Kemble did the same at nineteen, Julia Arthur was said to have been extremely able in the rôle even at fourteen, and Elisabeth Bergner was just twenty-five when she triumphed in the part. As to the older actresses, Jane Cowl made an admirable Juliet at thirty-six; Julia Marlowe, whose first appearance in the rôle was at twenty-three, was still lovely in it at forty; Helena Modjeska's Juliet began at thirty-three and continued to enchant audiences at forty; Florence Roberts was still effective at forty-one; and Eleanor Robson was in her very late thirties when her Juliet captivated audiences.

It insists that the title of a play which is not easily pronounceable or clearly understandable to the general public will inevitably spell ruin, yet innumerable plays and shows like *Amphitryon 38*, *Believe Me Xantippe*, *Declassé*, *Chauve Souris*, *Winterset*, *Brigadoon*, *The Voice of the Turtle*, *Ah*, *Wilderness*, *R.U.R.*, *Tovarich*, *Liliom*, *Laburnum Grove*, *Sari*, etc., have paid no attention to the argument and have been successful. It reasons that college boys never turn out to be much good as actors and directors and that the best training for acting and directing is to be had in spending one's early life instead around the Broadway theatres and with the road troupes, yet José Ferrer is regarded as the best of the younger actors on the present stage and Joshua Logan as one of the very best newer directors, and both are Princeton men.

II

It additionally convinces itself that a play or show whose title begins with one of the first letters in the alphabet and which hence will occupy a top position in the newspaper theatrical advertising columns will stand a much better chance of attracting customers than one down at the bottom of the list, yet among the biggest popular successes of the last two seasons have been such tail-enders as *The Winslow Boy*, *Private Lives*, *Where's Charley?*, *The Silver Whistle*, and *South Pacific*, to say nothing, in the middle advertising position, of *Mister Roberts*, *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, *Howdy*, *Mr. Ice*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, *Man and Superman*, *Medea*, *Make Mine Manhattan*, *Inside U.S.A.*, *Light Up the Sky*, *Lend an Ear*, etc. It insists that there is no money in literary or highbrow plays, yet such dramatists as Shaw, Giraudoux, Robinson Jeffers, O'Neill, *et al.*, continue to draw in the paying trade.

It still believes in the great draw-

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ing-power of name actors and actresses, yet in the last three seasons the following have been failures at the box-office: Ruth Chatterton, Paul Muni, Fay Bainter, Elisabeth Bergner, Burgess Meredith, Walter Hampden, Lee Tracy, Eva Le Gallienne, Ernest Truex, Canada Lee, Ruth Gordon, Martha Scott, Mady Christians, Miriam Hopkins, Mary Boland, Raymond Massey, Margaret Wycherly, Melville Cooper, Leo G. Carroll, Jane Cowl, John Gielgud, Oscar Karlweis, Oscar Homolka, Gertrude Lawrence, June Walker, Flora Robson, Eddie Dowling, Jack Buchanan, Thomas Mitchell, Peggy Wood, *et al.* On the other hand, in the same period unknowns or novices like June Lockhart, Marlon Brando, Meg Mundy, William Lanteau, *et al.*, have helped to draw money into the box-office.

It cherishes the notion that a play that has a dog in it arbitrarily stands a good chance to win the public's favor and, to its credit, plays containing dogs from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to *Peg o' My Heart* and on to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* have seemed to support its conviction, yet there have been many plays, and some good ones, with dogs in them that have got nowhere, among them *Young America*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *Storm over Patsy*, *A Case of Youth*, etc. It also persistently thinks that an insane character if treated humorously is objectionable to an audience, yet from the vaudeville days of Aaron Hoffman to plays like *The Misleading Lady* and in more recent years *Arsenic and Old Lace* such a character has entertained and amused audiences no end.

III

It believes that a play which consists mainly of talk and which is deficient in action does not stand a chance at the box-office, yet the recent revival of Shaw's *Man and Superman* has played to record business all over the nation. It contends that the public will not abide curtain-raisers, yet both *Hope's the Thing with Feathers* and Wilder's *A Happy Journey* were successful as successive curtain-raisers to Sartre's *The Respectful Prostitute*. It believes that plays ending in suicides are a dangerous gamble, yet from the far days of Fitch's *The Climbers* to the present days of *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman* the belief has been proved senseless. It argues that a play without a plot and more or less direct story line is doomed, yet one like *You Can't Take It With You* played to large profits. It holds that a musical comedy that does not bring down its final curtain on a rousing ensemble number is likely to send an audience out disappointed, yet *South Pacific*, the finale of which is nothing of the kind, has been an enormous success.

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It fancies that what the mass public demands is novelty, yet the ice skating shows, which are largely and merely duplications of one another, have been attracting huge crowds for nine years now. It fears as non-commercial dialogue of a literary flavor, yet the dramatization of a Henry James novel, titled *The Heiress*, has been highly prosperous. It was firm in its conviction that the public had become fed up with war plays, yet *Command Decision* and *Mister Roberts* confounded it. It believes that a moving picture name is helpful to the box-office, yet in the last few seasons among the well-known film figures whose plays and shows failed have been Jean Pierre Aumont, Michael Redgrave, Claire Trevor, Philip Dorn, Charles Laughton, John Garfield, Anthony Quinn, Boris Karloff, Marsha Hunt, Anne Jeffreys, Nancy Kelly, Jean Parker, Annabella, Helmut Dantine, James Mason and Pamela Kellino.

It concludes that English actors are arbitrarily admired by American audiences who will pay out money to see them at the expense of the native product, yet that has been far from the case in recent seasons, as the failure of Donald Wolfit and Co., Cicely Courtneidge and Co., the *Power Without Glory* company, and of various actors like John Gielgud, Jack Buchanan, Graham Payn, Isabel Jeans, *et al.* has attested. It thinks that present day audiences gag at smut, yet one of the heartiest, loudest laughs heard in the theatre in the last two seasons was at the tag of *Strange Bedfellows*, which would have brought a blush to the cheek of Minsky in his prime.

IV

It believes that audiences that are tardy in returning to their seats are one of the curses of the theatre, yet it also believes that if bars were to be permitted in theatres it would help the theatre a great deal. It subscribes to the theory that the experimental theatres can be of real help to the Broadway theatre by uncovering fresh, new forms of entertainment, yet when one such experimental theatre discovers some such fresh, new form in the shape of the bill called *Ballet Ballads* and turns it over to the Broadway theatre the latter will have nothing to do with it. It argues that when business is bad on the road it is because the road will not accept second and third companies and demands the original New York article, yet the several *Oklahoma!* road troupes, among others in the last ten years, have reaped a harvest.

It places considerable emphasis on the quality of stage scenery and holds that Broadway audiences will not tolerate a noticeably skimpy production, yet *Harvey*, with stage settings that

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looked as if they had cost not more than fifty dollars, crowded the theatre for several years. It eloquently argues that the trouble with the theatre is a lack of good plays, yet when it produces good plays like *A Sound of Hunting*, *A Highland Fling*, *Outrageous Fortune*, *The Mermaids Singing*, etc., people don't go to see them. It similarly argues that cheap Tin Pan Alley tunes are responsible for the failure of various musical shows, yet when composers like Heitor Villa-Lobos and Benjamin Britten appear on the scene, audiences similarly will have none of them.

It maintains that decentralization would accomplish wonders for the drama, which is allegedly hamstrung by Broadway, and that the independent tastes of non-New York audiences should be given a lot of kindly consideration, yet fully a half dozen of the better plays which have been shown in the Broadway theatre in recent seasons have had thumbs turned down on them when they were tried out in the road theatres. It fondly weeps into its beer over what it sentimentally refers to as the Royal Family of the American Theatre, yet one member of that family has not been near a stage for thirty years and has consecrated his art to the films, which hail him as the Grand Old Man of the Movies; a second deserted the theatre in his early forties for the pictures and spent most of the rest of his life in them; and the third abandoned the stage for the screen some years ago and says that she prefers sitting beside her comfortable Hollywood swimming pool to returning to the theatre.

PHRASE ORIGINS—55

ASSASSIN: *This word comes to us* via *French and Italian from the mysterious East — from Persia, to be exact. The original Assassins (properly speaking,* Hashshashin *— a plural form) were members of a military and religious sect founded in Persia toward the end of the eleventh century. Before sending them out to dispatch infidels, their chieftains used to arouse their blood lust by administering strong doses of an intoxicating drink brewed from hemp and called* hashish *— whence the name* Hashshashin. *During the Crusades, by which time the* Hashshashin *had transferred operations to Syria, they distinguished themselves by letting a great deal of Christian blood in the course of their* hashish*-inspired frenzies. The last of the sect, together with its chief, known as "the old man of the mountain," was not finally suppressed until 1272.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

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CONQUERING THE COMMON COLD

BY *WILLIAM ELLSWORTH CRAFT*

HAY fever, eczema and other skin disorders, asthma, hives, reactions to drugs such as insulin or sulfas — these are some of the diverse and distressing conditions that often can be dramatically relieved by a new group of drugs known as antihistaminics. And now it appears that these remarkable new drugs may also hold the answer to one of our most widespread and obstinate health problems, the common cold.

Though the lowly cold is universally considered to be only a minor, annoying affliction, its cost in days lost from productive pursuits adds up to 100 million per year. The annual financial bill to the American people has been variously estimated at from one to three billion dollars. There is no need to count up the sleepless nights and clouded days, the racking coughs, the foggy brains; they are all too familiar to everyone.

This winter the story may be different. At the U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois, the Executive Officer, Captain John M. Brewster, Medical Corps, U. S. Navy, recently began a controlled study of the value of antihistaminic drugs in the treatment of the common cold. From his personal experience and the result of an earlier study, he had evolved the theory that the common cold began as an allergic reaction. He reasoned that, since the new drugs were effective against hay fever and perennial nasal congestion, they might also successfully combat the common cold. Acting on this theory, the doctor established clinics at three focal points of the Naval Station, exclusively for the study and treatment of colds. All personnel, including civilian employees and families of servicemen, were encouraged to report for treatment at the earliest possible moment after the onset of a cold. From October to May, a total of 572 patients was treated, ranging from a child of six to a man of 67, and including both sexes. The results were nothing short of spectacular.

WILLIAM ELLSWORTH CRAFT, *chief medical writer for a leading American pharmaceutical manufacturer, contributes to technical and general magazines on medical subjects. His last* MERCURY *article, "Streptomycin and Tuberculosis," appeared in December 1948.*

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All signs and symptoms of colds promptly disappeared in 90 per cent of the patients who were given an antihistaminic drug within one hour after the cold first became evident. When treatment was delayed for two hours, colds were aborted in 87 per cent of the patients. In those who were not treated until six hours after their colds had taken hold, antihistaminic drugs brought relief to 74 per cent. Even when the drug was not given until eleven or twelve hours had elapsed, 70 per cent of the colds were promptly knocked out.

As a criterion with which to compare the effectiveness of the antihistaminic drugs in this group of people, every sixth patient was given a combination of two other drugs, codeine and papaverine, a scheme of medication which has generally been accepted by doctors as the preferred medical treatment for the common cold. Immediate relief of colds in this group ranged from only 42 per cent among patients who received treatment within one hour, down to 7 per cent of those who were first treated twelve hours after development of a cold. No prompt cures were obtained among persons who received this medication more than 24 hours after the onset of their colds.

Two facts stand out clearly from this striking study. First, the new antihistaminics proved to be far superior to formerly accepted medication for the common cold. Second, their effectiveness was inversely proportional to the time elapsed between the appearance of symptoms and the beginning of treatment. The doctor who carried out this potentially far-reaching investigation is convinced that the incidence of the common cold will be reduced to a startling degree when these new drugs are more widely used for early treatment, much as aspirin is at the present time. These drugs, by their action, tend to eliminate the sneezing, coughing, and nasal discharge that is widely but invisibly scattered in the air we breathe, on hand rails, door knobs, faucet handles, and other places of frequent contact. Dr. Brewster believes that the antihistaminic drugs, if properly and universally employed, could reduce the number of colds to the vanishing point.

II

Why is it that the antihistaminics are able to combat such seemingly dissimilar conditions as skin disorders, reactions to certain drugs, and "colds"? The answer lies in the assumption that these, as well as several other disorders like hay fever, have one common denominator — an allergic component. It is against this component that the new drugs strike.

The antihistaminics, of which there

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are several, all have the same fundamental action. As their name implies, they act against a substance called histamine, neutralizing its effects in the body. Histamine, which is a normal constituent of the human body, can be poisonous when released in excessive quantities, even to the point of causing sudden death. Though it has never been decisively proved, medical authorities generally consider that histamine or a histamine-like substance is the cause of the distressing, sometimes serious, symptoms from which allergic individuals suffer. According to this concept, an allergic person is abnormally sensitive to certain substances or stimuli. These vary greatly, ranging all the way from ragweed pollen to horse serum, from ordinary dust, sunlight, or chilling to a variety of common foods. A person may be allergic to the feathers in the pillow he sleeps on or to the fur on his pet cat.

When an allergic person comes in contact with a substance to which he is sensitive, a reaction occurs in his body, resulting in the release of histamine, which in turn provokes the unpleasant symptoms. The manner in which the individual will react — whether in the form of asthma, eczema, or some other manifestation — depends on which part of the body tissue is flooded with histamine.

Reactions may be mild or severe, depending on the degree of sensitivity of the individual. Recently — and there have been several such cases — a man in Newark, New Jersey, fell into a state of shock and died suddenly soon after having been stung by a bee. This tragic accident was not the result of the relatively harmless poison injected by the bee. It was simply due to the fact that this man happened to be extremely allergic to bee venom, or even to some substance present on the stinging apparatus of the bee. Histamine was released in a vital area and death quickly ensued. Had this man been given an antihistaminic tablet soon enough after the sting, the chances are he would be alive today.

Antihistaminics cannot *cure* an established cold — that is, the common cold which is generally considered to be due to a virus infection. These drugs have no anti-viral or anti-bacterial activity. But they admittedly have a powerful antihistaminic action and can successfully stop a cold in its developmental stages, presumably because the cold starts as an allergic reaction.

The infection usually progresses in a well-established chain of events. Cold viruses and other bacteria are present in the air we breathe and in our noses and throats, waiting to gain a foothold. A trigger mechanism such

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as chilling, or inhalation of an irritant, causes histamine to be released into the tissues of the nose and throat. This in turn produces swelling and damage to the nose and throat membranes (with watery discharge and the early "sniffles" of a cold). The normal protective power of the membranes is thereby lost, and the stalking microbes gain their foothold. Strengthened by increased numbers and greater virulence, the cold germs then successfully invade the body.

Early administration of an antihistaminic can break this chain by nullifying the damaging effects of histamine. The membranes of the respiratory tract are thus enabled to return to normal, the disease-producing organisms are held in check, and the cold is stopped before it can get started beyond the initial allergic phase.

Even more fundamental is the growing recognition by medical observers that many so-called colds are really an allergic reaction. Many cases of allergic rhinitis or perennial nasal congestion, as well as hay fever, are virtually indistinguishable from a cold. Sneezing, nasal congestion, watering of the eyes, and the typical sensation of stuffiness in the head are common to all. People who develop these symptoms naturally take it for granted that they have contracted a cold, and treat it accordingly, when in fact they are suffering from an allergic condition. Even physicians are not infrequently misled by the similarity of signs and symptoms. The only sure way of distinguishing these borderline cases is by means of skin tests for allergy or microscopic examination of the blood or nasal discharge. The usual cold remedies obviously have little effect in such cases, affording only slight and temporary symptomatic relief. Antihistaminics, through their action in blocking the histamine that produces the distressing symptoms, will dramatically relieve most of these "colds."

The question naturally arises as to how many of the cases at the Great Lakes Naval Station were actually common colds and not solely allergic conditions. Seventy-four of these people had at some time in the past experienced an allergic reaction of one type or another, which strengthens the possibility that their "colds" might well have been allergic manifestations. However, the antihistaminics were effective in both groups, irrespective of the presence or absence of an apparent allergic tendency.

III

Other studies not yet reported bear out the remarkable results achieved at Great Lakes. Significant also is the personal experience of the doctor who conducted this pioneering investiga-

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tion. Though he had been unusually susceptible to colds all his life, he went through an entire year without developing a cold simply by taking one or two antihistaminic tablets at the first sign of one. And this was accomplished despite the fact that he was exposed to acute colds almost every day at his clinic.

Even in tuberculosis, antihistaminics have produced remarkable results. From the Hamburg State Sanatorium, of the Pennsylvania State Department of Health, recently came a dramatic report of striking clinical improvement in tuberculosis patients treated with antihistaminics. Here, too, these drugs acted to subdue the important allergic components of the disease.

Tuberculosis during its primary stage is relatively mild and benign in the great majority of cases. As with polio, many of us are infected with tuberculosis during childhood without knowing it. Normally the human body reacts by building a wall around the original infecting microbes, thereby reducing damage to a minimum and preventing the bacteria from spreading throughout the lungs. But the body also reacts by becoming abnormally sensitive to tuberculosis germs, and this allergic sensitivity lasts as long as the germs remain in the body. If a person contracts a second tuberculosis infection at a later date, or if the original microbes succeed in multiplying and spreading through the lungs, then an acute inflammatory reaction occurs, presumably as a result of the built-up sensitivity. In this flare-up, the sensitized cells of the lungs and other body tissues are destroyed, and all the vicious manifestations of the disease become apparent.

The doctors at the Hamburg State Sanatorium reasoned that here also, as in other possible allergic manifestations, antihistaminics might protect the sensitized body cells from injury and thus alter the devastating course of the disease. This appears to have been accomplished in a significant proportion of the thirty cases treated in this study. Cough, sputum, X-ray lesions, chest pains, and fever, decreased or disappeared, whereas appetite, weight, and sense of well-being increased. Tuberculin tests became negative in 75 per cent of all the cases. The greatest improvement occurred in tuberculous pneumonia and other acute types of the disease. Antihistaminics were less effective against chronic cases in which the disease had become well entrenched.

Antihistaminic treatment was discontinued in three of the patients who had been greatly improved. Within two to eight weeks, signs and symptoms of the disease returned, and X-ray photos that had shown marked clearing of lung infection again be-

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came bad. Resumption of antihistaminic treatment was once more followed by striking improvement in all of these patients.

As pointed out by the doctors who conducted this study, thirty cases are obviously too few to test fully the value of antihistaminics in human tuberculosis. Nevertheless, the marked improvement brought about in these patients strongly supports the evident effectiveness of the drugs, even though improvement lasted only so long as antihistaminic treatment was continued. It is more than probable that treatment with antihistaminics and streptomycin combined — antihistaminics to prevent the allergic components of the disease and streptomycin to suppress the tuberculosis microbes — will be the correct combination. This combined treatment is now under active investigation.

Antihistaminic drugs are not entirely harmless in all cases, and should therefore be taken only under the direction of a physician. Chief among their possible undesirable effects is drowsiness. Certain antihistaminics produce this effect more often than do others, and different individuals vary in their susceptibility to this action of the drugs. Some people are completely unaffected, while others become so sleepy that it is dangerous for them to operate automobiles or perform other activities in which a lapse of attentiveness might be costly. Because of the relatively small dose and short period of treatment required against colds, serious toxic effects have not been a factor. Among the various antihistaminics used in the Great Lakes study, Dr. Brewster found that one in particular, named Neo-Antergan, caused little or no drowsiness in the majority of patients and became the favorite antihistaminic of those who received more than one of them.

Though all antihistaminics have the same fundamental action, some are naturally more effective than others. It is also important to remember that different individuals respond differently to the same drug, and that physicians can determine which particular antihistaminic is best suited for each patient. New antihistaminics of greater general safety will probably have to be developed before these drugs can be bought and taken as aspirin is today.

Based on the findings to date, it appears that the antihistaminic drugs may be the long-sought answer to the ever-present problem of the common cold. There is good reason to hope that with widespread use, these new drugs may succeed where all else has failed, in eliminating, or at least greatly minimizing, this everyday disorder that currently plagues more people and wastes more time and money than any other disease.

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"YOU TOO CAN WRITE!"

BY *JO CHAMBERLIN*

She was a pretty girl, who sat in the front row during the autumn term, knitting furiously. She was bright and eager, but after she had turned in her first short story, I suggested that she might do well to take some notes, rather than to knit.

"I've got to finish this sweater," she said. "I've promised it for Christmas."

But I was firm, and for several weeks she diligently wrote things in a book. Her work improved tremendously. Then, at the end of the term, she stopped me in the hall, pointed to a smiling young man who was waiting for her, and said, "I've decided it's easier to inspire a writer than to be one myself."

I'm not so sure.

After several years of teaching writing at Columbia University in New York, it seems easier for me just to put the words down myself. But it's much less fun. My job as literary talent scout is ten times more exciting than that of some M-G-M hired hand picking dumb starlets. As a teacher, I'm dealing with creative human beings. I like it. I spend long hours working with them, sometimes wondering whether I'm playing god or stooge. There is nothing more exhilarating than coming upon genuine talent and helping it grow, and you never can predict what new writers will do next — either for you or to you.

One student who felt that one of my faculty associates had done badly by him went to the man's office with a pistol, determined to shoot him. Luckily, he was out at the time, and the young man was disarmed by the police. A wealthy woman who sold her first story for $50 insisted on presenting me with a $60 case of whisky — a gift I hated to decline. Fortunately I did, for after her next two stories were rejected by editors, I was a bum. One of my students, a taxi-driver, managed to get down on cheap yellow paper the monumental indignation he felt all day at midtown traffic cops and his crazy passengers. Once these violent essays were com-

JO CHAMBERLIN *is now teaching writing at Columbia University and contributing to a variety of national magazines. He was formerly managing editor of* Scribner's Magazine.

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pleted, however, he refused to revise a line. "That's what editors are for," he said loftily.

In one of my recent classes there were a reporter from the New York *Times*, a president of a corporation, a Negro schoolteacher from Ohio, and a housewife from Maine with two sons in college. The reporter wanted to become a drama critic. The businessman wanted to write on economic subjects "without the usual boredom." The teacher was preparing for public relations. The housewife writes as a hobby. "Until now," she once told me, "I never had time." She got higher grades than her sons.

Most of our writers have no interest in college degrees. They want to create something. They have jobs ranging from janitoring to banking. They write when they can, these Columbia writing students, publishing over fifty books, one hundred and fifty short stories and one hundred magazine articles each year.

At their best, they are tremendously inspiring. At their worst . . . well, one of my less gifted students decided on a career of letters when he had been stationed in Paris during the war. He had made $3000 by renting to his fellow GIs books of an erotic *avant garde* character published in English by French presses. "I got in the literary game by chance," he explained, "but I cleaned up."

I pointed out that the thousands of GIs in Paris had been a wonderful market, but one that would hardly repeat. He was not discouraged. He "discovered" Ernest Hemingway, and began dressing in rugged fashion and letting his beard grow. His heroes were tough, terse men who shuttled from bedrooms to bars and drank to forget, although what they were forgetting was never quite clear. I tried to explain that there was a lot more to Hemingway than he seemed to grasp, and that the endless parade of loose women and cuba libras in this student's stories would just bore most readers. I never could convince him.

II

Today, there are more men and women taking professional writing courses at Columbia than at any other university. This is partly because the school has always flouted academic tradition by hiring working writers as teachers. The rarified lit'ry atmosphere is missing, and criticism is blunt.

"Why, this story would stink on ice," a novelist roared at a backsliding pupil with four published stories. "You can't write if you're going to sit there all day staring at your navels," a short-story teacher shouted at his class. Editors frequently address the students. After one had appeared, I asked a young chap what

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he had talked about. "He said if he got any more horror stories told from a child's point of view," the student reported, "he'd ram the manuscripts down our throats."

It's always hard getting people to understand that "talent" is not enough. A stiff apprenticeship of at least five years is a "must." Yet many want to make a reputation or fortune overnight. "I've no time to lose," a chap of twenty warned me. "I spent two years in the Army."

This impatience is not confined to youth. A banker recently said to me, "People have always told me I write interesting letters and I always got B on my college themes. What do you think of my chances as a writer?" I replied, truthfully but much too bluntly, after three cocktails, "Well, I can write checks and I've often thought of taking a couple of semesters' work in banking. How high could I go in the Chase Bank?"

Not long ago, I was urging a student to write so dramatically that his readers would be completely absorbed even if they were sitting in a dentist's waiting room. Next day, when I was in my own dentist's office, I regretted my words. Worse, when I was in the chair, my dentist announced in an off-hand manner that he wrote poems and proceeded to recite several as he drilled. Later he asked for my "honest opinion."

"Well," I hedged, "one or two I liked very much, but . . ."

"Do you think the *Saturday Evening Post* will take them?"

"It doesn't print much poetry. Why don't you try . . ."

"No, I want them in the *Post* or nowhere. Read it for years." And he mailed a hundred poems to the editors, who returned them with thanks.

I have developed a defense against people who thrust bundles of verse on me for criticism. "I'm terribly sorry," I say apologetically, "but I can't read poetry. I'm just not attuned to it." When people I know aren't really interested ask me what I'm working on, I reply, "I don't know. I'm afraid to read it." However, I'll put up with almost anything, if I think people have ability and will work. I'll even lend them money, and I have never been stuck yet.

In a short-story class, I had a smartly-dressed woman student who always arrived for class in an expensive town car. She seemed keen about the course, but had trouble deciding just what style to follow. One of her stories would sound like Kathleen Norris and the next like Clarence B. Kelland. Then I discovered that she was hiring ghost-writers. She was indignant when I insisted that she stop.

A woman in one of my writing

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groups had once lived in the wilds of Northern Canada. Yet she never wrote anything except short stories attacking her current employers. She did have a fierce kind of integrity, and I tried to help her. I revised one of her personal-experience stories five times and cut out every bitter complaint. She sent it off to an editor who bought it within 24 hours. He asked to see more. She sent him three stories — with the complaints intact — and he turned them down. She promptly telephoned him and bawled him out. As he had kept the stories for a week, she had assumed he had bought them and had treated herself to a new beaver coat. The editor used to be a friend of mine, but he isn't any more.

III

One of the curious things about many writing students is that they feel utterly free of any formalities, such as reading books or attending lectures. They just want to write or talk about writing. One student said he wasn't going to write down any short stories until they were perfect in his mind. "Don't want to spoil my spontaneity," he advised me, "with a lot of hack work." The last I heard, they were still in his mind.

Last summer I had a promising young man who was living in New York for the first time and entering enthusiastically into its night life. He would turn up for the morning class on the sleepy side. After his three or four cups of breakfast coffee had worn off, he would begin to nod. He didn't really bother me, for when I had first come to New York, I had also stayed up until all hours. However, one day his sleeping was very much noticed by the other members of the class, so I felt I had to do something. I stopped lecturing and addressed him directly.

"Mr. B.," I said, "just what do you think I'm talking about?"

"Sir," he replied, waking up, "it's all an oblong blur to me."

During the War, I was in the Army Air Forces. However, when I returned to the campus, I came to fear reminiscences of the wild blue yonder. Sooner or later, every ex-birdman would hand me a story entitled *My First Solo* or *My Last Flight*. Eventually, I ran into a chap whose story was titled *Next Time I'll Go by Boat*. Three years of shuttling across the Pacific Ocean had left him with a keen distaste for flying and a deep love of the land with his feet solidly on it. His feeling for the soil was more moving than anything I'd ever read in a sharecropper novel, so I gave him an A.

For the teacher of writing, however, the payoff comes not in classroom amusement but in the develop-

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ment of genuine ability. Three years ago a very personable nun, Sister Consolata Carroll, enrolled in a Columbia non-fiction class. She had grown up in a happy Irish-American Catholic family, and she wrote vividly of bright Sunday mornings, of picnics, county fairs, women's hats, youthful love and lively family arguments in horse-and-buggy days. She expanded her sprightly pieces into a novelized biography, *Pray Love, Remember*, which has sold 30,000 copies.

Loula Grace Erdman had published several short stories and juvenile books, but she wanted to do a novel about adults. Feeling that she might benefit by counsel, she enrolled at Columbia. Criticism helped her, and she took new stock of herself as a writer. Her first novel, *The Years of the Locusts*, won the first prize of $10,000 in the Dodd Mead *Redbook* competition and was published in 1947.

Ann Petry, born in Old Saybrooke, Connecticut, came from a Negro family that had long been interested in chemistry. Her father, aunt and uncle, were druggists. She had been trained as a pharmacist, but she married and moved to New York. There she became a reporter for a Harlem newspaper. She saw the evils of Harlem's slums, its high death rate and handicapped families. These things she wrote about, with driving irony and force. Her progress as a writer was slow, but she finally sold one story for $30. A publisher's representative read it and inquired if she might be working on a novel? She wasn't, but soon would be. She prepared four chapters, was given a $2000 fellowship by Houghton Mifflin to complete the book. *The Street*, published in 1946, sold well and she was on her way.

When I walk into class, I never know what kind of question the students may ask me. Can one write successfully in bed? (Mark Twain did.) If you have a baby and don't want to write about it, is there anything wrong? Once, at the first class meeting of the term, a suspicious student demanded, "Aren't you making a lot of competition for yourself? Why don't you tell us everything wrong?" Sometimes, after a rough day of this sort, I think it would be wonderful if I could forget about writing.

But it isn't possible. First of all, my wife is the kind of person who can get an idea, sit down at a typewriter, and in six or eight hours turn out a marketable short manuscript. When a student may telephone me at home about some knotty problem, she is delighted to chat with him, and is likely to send him off with, "Oh, I don't agree with my husband on that at all. You do it your way."

A relative of mine does novels

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between sessions of skiing, ceramics and ballet. "Whenever I have time and a scrap of paper, I write things down," she says. At the end of twelve months, she had twelve pounds of novel — on wrapping paper, blotters, the flyleaves of books and grocery bills. Somehow, the sheets became terribly mixed up. Unable to straighten them out herself, she put them all in a box and sent it to me. "Just like Thomas Wolfe did," she explained in a letter, "and I hope our novel does as well as *Look Homeward, Angel.*" Some day I'm going to open that box and read "our" novel.

There seems to be no escape. Wherever I go, there are bound to be more writers, and sooner or later they will have me reading their copy. The fact is, I *like* being a writing teacher.

Most writers are also grateful. Last term I had an intelligent chap of 35 who turned in first-rate work. At the end of the term he said, "Mr. Chamberlin, I want to thank you for what I've learned in this course."

"Oh, that's all right," I replied with an appropriate show of modesty. "I noticed that you took down everything I said in shorthand."

"Yes, sir. I use the information I get here to run a correspondence school of writing on my own."

CRUISE SHIP

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Unscathed by any jagged reef, the prow
Of our white ship rides confidently where
Calm waters hide what seems less treacherous, now
That winds are favorable and skies are fair.
Under the awnings drinks come cool and tall;
No shadow clouds the equatorial blue.
Tomorrow in some palm-fringed port of call
We will drop anchor for a day or two.

Delightful people, those impromptu friends
Who promise meetings at some nice address
Above suspicion. When the voyage ends
They slip away into the namelessness
Of travelers whose passports might have shown
The emblem of a country not our own!

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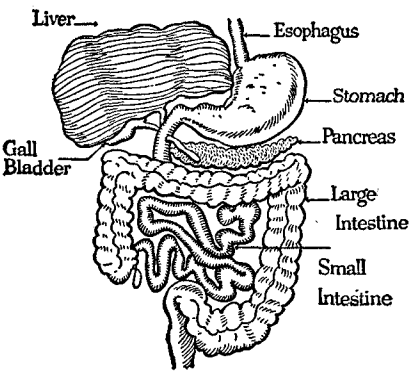
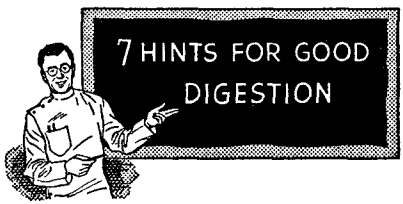
GOOD DIGESTION

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM has been called "nature's most wonderful chemical laboratory." Throughout life, the vitality and strength of *every* part of the body depend largely upon how well this laboratory does its work.



The digestion of a single food may require twenty-four hours or longer. During this time, digestive juices secreted by glands in the mouth, stomach, and small intestine and by the liver and pancreas make it possible for the body to convert food into nutritional elements. These produce heat and energy and supply materials necessary for growth and repair.

Sometimes, however, the digestive processes fail to function properly. This may be due to faulty eating habits, infections, fatigue, food allergies, emotional disturbances and other causes and may lead to minor as well as serious digestive disorders. In fact, studies show that digestive troubles are more common than any other ailments except those of the respiratory system.



1. Avoid eating when rushed or when emotionally upset.

2. Keep the teeth in good condition so that food may be chewed thoroughly.

3. Drink adequate amounts of water (six to eight glasses a day) and establish regular habits of elimination.

4. Do not eat too much or too often.

5. Cultivate an appetite for a wide

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_a foundation for good health

variety of foods, especially those that are rich in the essential nutritional elements.

6. Avoid strenuous exercise immediately after eating.

7. Do not resort to self-treatment. If digestive complaints persist, consult the doctor.

Modern medicine has developed many instruments and tests which help the doctor to diagnose digestive disorders with great accuracy. For instance, X-rays permit the doctor to follow "test meals" throughout the digestive system and to observe the position, size, shape, and movements of the digestive tract. In addition, chemical tests and analyses give him essential information about whether the digestive organs are functioning properly.

Some digestive conditions are so trivial that they can often be corrected by surprisingly simple measures, such as eliminating trouble-making foods from the diet. Others are serious and, if allowed to progress, may affect general health, and require prolonged dietary restrictions or surgery.

So, it is always wise to seek medical advice for *persistent* digestive complaints such as pain, nausea, "indigestion," or even continued lack of appetite. The doctor, in most cases, can quickly discover the causes and suggest corrective treatment that may help to insure better digestion and better health.

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HOW GOOD IS SOVIET MEDICINE?

BY *GEORGE MOORAD*

WHEN the Bolshevik revolution knifed across Russia in 1917, slicing off the top of Tsarist economy, exceptionally good treatment was reserved for medical men and scientists. While merchants, priests, educators and kulaks were being starved or more dramatically liquidated, Tsarist doctors and medical researchers — a pitifully small number for that land of primitive millions — were carefully preserved. "Medicine is the keystone in the arch of socialized society," said Lenin wisely.

Today, after 32 years of Soviet socialism, how is the keystone of society doing? Has it really performed the miracles proclaimed by *Pravda* propagandists? Is Soviet medicine better or worse for government support and planning? How does it compare with medicine in other European countries, or in America? What is the state of Russian health today?

As with all other vital information about Russia, the truth about Soviet medicine is difficult to trace. Where facts are not obscured by Iron Curtain technique, they have been buried in the outpourings of a subsidized foundation known as the Soviet-American Medical Society, which for many years has monopolized the field. This society, with which is associated the monthly *American Review of Soviet Medicine*, has been so efficient that it is almost impossible to find in our public libraries, either in books or in lay or professional journalism, any scrap of relevant information that cannot be quickly traced to this uncritically pro-Soviet foundation. A search of medical sources by the diligent Librarians of Congress has failed to reveal a single non-subsidized account of the workings of Soviet medicine.

However, independent testimony does exist. During the war, the very minimum requirements of alliance squeezed an opening into Russia for several groups of American and British medical researchers, including

GEORGE MOORAD *is the veteran correspondent who was killed in the recent crash of a KLM airliner in India. His writings include two books,* Behind the Iron Curtain *and* Lost Peace in China, *the latter recently published by Dutton. This was the last article he wrote.*

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such men as the late Dr. Elliott Cutler of Harvard, Drs. Loyal Davis of Northwestern University and Wilder Penfield of McGill, Professors Alexander Fleming and H. W. Florey, the penicillin experts, and Dr. Solomon Waksman, who developed streptomycin. While these men were generally limited to Potemkin tours of the same two or three outstanding hospitals and laboratories, and to supervised interviews with a few top Russian scientists, still their observations coincide remarkably with the experiences of Dr. F. R. Lang, who is now assistant chief of surgery at the United States Naval Hospital at Bethesda. Dr. Lang went to Russia in 1942 as personal physician to Ambassador William Standley, and he traveled widely in the Soviet Union for nearly three years as assistant Naval Attaché. There are also available, though likewise unpublished, the reports of several other doctors and dentists attached to the United States Embassy in Moscow, and the somewhat weird experiences of several Americans who were unlucky enough to become ill in the Soviet Union.

The sum of these observations is that Soviet medicine is not nearly as good as its proponents claim, yet not quite as bad as the Kremlin's urge for secrecy might indicate. On the whole, it is probably better than one might expect of a semi-Asiatic country wracked by civil war, famine and repeated purges, handicapped by lack of contact with the outside world, and finally scourged by World War II, which took a toll in dead alone of 25 million soldiers and civilians.

The Soviets' own view of the level of practice may be found in the devastating report of E. I. Smirnov, Minister of Health for the USSR and formerly Surgeon-General of the Red Army. Writing in the August 1947 *Sovetskaya Meditsina*, a restricted magazine not intended for the eyes of foreigners, Smirnov marshaled figures to prove that illnesses of patients in Russian hospitals were being incorrectly diagnosed from 50 to 75 per cent of the time! Said he:

> According to data of the Mytishora Hospital, Moscow, during 1946 the percentage of mistakes in certain departments amounted to 50–75 per cent. As a result, of 957 cases of internal medicine sent by clinics, 621 (64.9 per cent) were incorrectly diagnosed.
>
> The picture is similar in other cities. The following is data from the Stalingrad health department for 1946: 7895 persons required consultations; of these, 34 per cent had stomach and intestinal diseases, and of this number 58 per cent were given incorrect diagnoses.
>
> How are the village doctors of Stalingrad with surgical cases? Out of 265 patients with surgical cases of the

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stomach and intestines, 63 per cent were incorrectly diagnosed, 12 per cent received no preliminary diagnosis, 25 per cent were correctly diagnosed. The situation is no better in other specialities. And it should be remembered that Stalingrad has a medical center incorporated in a medical school, so the influence on the qualification of physicians cannot be underestimated.

All this goes to show that the quality of medical aid is not satisfactory. We shall have to help our scientists free themselves from this servility and bootlicking of foreign things, and understand the progressive importance and leading rôle of our Soviet science in world science.

Smirnov was speaking, of course, of the free medicine designed for the mass of Russian people, not of the relatively expert care available to those who can pay in money or political influence for the benefits of private medicine. For Soviet medicine is not socialized — like the British or New Zealand plans — it is merely Sovietized. The plan functions on several layers. The best doctors and hospitals, like the Kremlin and Bodkin institutes, are reserved for the Party élite. On the next layer, an intermediate class of minor bureaucrats, ballet favorites, wealthy farmers and black market dealers supports a class of better trained physicians. Finally, there is free State medicine for the masses, who are attached to specific clinics and doctors in their particular caste level through union membership or area of employment.

II

There is little or no way of discovering, in the jungle of class distinctions and varying professional standards, how many of the Soviet Union's 139,610 doctors (as compared with 199,745 doctors in the U.S.) are certified physicians with the equivalent of five years' training. According to the Health Minister, this number includes 49,698 midwives and *feldshers* who carry on the medieval tradition of the German "field barber," besides an undisclosed number of sanitary workers, epidemiologists and venereal specialists. Similarly, there is no way of determining how many of Russia's alleged 804,428 hospital beds are actually beds in standard hospitals. (The U.S. has 1,400,000 hospital beds.)

According to Dr. Lang, there is a gap of centuries between the older, European-trained physicians of Moscow and the Soviet midwives and *feldshers* who minister in the village clinics. Lang still bears the scars of his discovery. When the Nazis approached Moscow and the government fled to Kuibyshev in 1942, he contracted typhus and was taken, semi-conscious, to a Russian hospital. The Soviet

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doctor first proposed "cupping" him after the Napoleonic fashion of using vacuum cups to localize inflammation in the body. After a furious argument and high-level diplomatic intervention, the specific test for typhus was made and Weigl's serum injected. However, the arm was torn in making the injections and the *feldsher* applied raw iodine and wrapped it up, burning a deep hole in the bend of the naval surgeon's arm. The *feldshers* are supposed to have two years' instruction in sanitation and elementary medicine, but during the war they were rushed through a six weeks' course and then sent out as front-line doctors.

At the other end of the scale stands a group of pre-revolutionary scientists and their younger protégés, who compare very favorably with their Tsarist predecessors: Pirogoff, the great surgeon of the Crimean War, and the famous physiologist Pavlov, who ignored the Bolsheviks for ten years but recanted shortly before his death in 1930. The Institute of Experimental Medicine in Leningrad, founded in 1890, is now named in Pavlov's honor, while the 183-year-old First Moscow Medical Institute has named its surgical department for the Crimean hero. In such institutes as these, completely separated from the Soviet university system, an élite group of doctors is being turned out under the aged Academician N. N. Burdenko, who was educated in Germany and France.

The Anglo-American Surgical Mission to the Soviet Union in August 1943 found a set of yawning inconsistencies. On the one hand, they discovered superb battlefield organization — first aid and battalion stations, handling and use of blood plasma — yet they also saw surgical treatment that was little more refined than butchery. Dr. Loyal Davis reported the Russians to be masterly in the treatment of compound fractures, using the plaster of Paris technique discovered by Pirogoff in 1865. At the same time, he watched several operations by the great Burdenko and his assistants with a thinly veiled disgust. Of the latter Dr. Davis reported:

> Burdenko operated on a median ulnar nerve case and put in an alcohol fixed graft. It was badly done and a heavy suture was put through the graft to fix it to the muscles; only two sutures at each end. Only local anesthesia was used and the patient writhed and cried out with pain during the entire procedure. Dr. Koreisha, another leading Soviet surgeon, started a head case with blood flowing freely and burrs [drills] slipping through bone onto dura [brain membranes]. A spinal puncture was done with a water pressure of 200 mm., yet this to relieve pressure? The brain was hemorrhagic

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and after difficulty he got to the base and the bullet had gone from the left parietal to right frontal. Was there an abscess around the bullet? Burdenko brushed Koreisha aside and went on. . . .

Under wartime instructions to cultivate Soviet friendship, the British-American mission watched with silent skepticism such fantasies as the treatment of spinal cord injuries with a bath of green Odessa mud, the use of smoke from burning pine wood to stimulate healing, and the Filatov experiments of using fixed nerve and spinal cord grafts from cadavers to splice onto living victims. The Soviets said all of their 27 successful operations had returned to the front and were not available for inspection, but Burdenko presented a microscopic slide and insisted upon some comment from Dr. Davis, an international authority on neurosurgery.

"It won't work," said Dr. Davis, to the gasps of his more diplomatic colleagues. "We disproved that many years ago. It's impossible to graft dead nerve onto living tissue."

At the Soviet dinner that night, Davis, with the junior rank of lieutenant colonel, should have been seated near the bottom of the table. Instead, he found himself at the top next to the legendary Burdenko and Vasili Parrin, Vice-Commissar for Public Health. Burdenko pleasantly observed: "You didn't think much of our demonstration?" Davis repeated stubbornly: "It won't work." The old surgeon smiled. "We know it's no good, but why do the British tell us that it is? They must know the truth as well as you do."

There is a chronic struggle between skilled and honest Russian experimenters and the "political doctors" and propagandists who are constantly claiming incredible discoveries. Dr. Lang interviewed the late Alexander Bogomolets, whose experiment with antiserum from a horse was whipped up by the Soviet press into a nostrum that would heal ulcers of the stomach, non-union of fractures, loosening of scars and stiffening of joints, and cause men to live 180 years or more. Bogomolets, who died last year at the age of 62, denounced the Soviet press for these mis-statements, to which Lang replied soothingly that American reporters were also sensationalists. "Maybe," said Bogomolets doubtfully, "but they can't be worse than ours."

III

While Western authorities have dismissed the K.V. cancer serum, the Lena Stern shock treatment, and the Negovski "life-after-death" theory, as useless and barbarous experiments upon human victims, practically every visitor has come out impressed

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with the ability of such men as N. I. Propper-Graschenkov, the plastic surgeon A. P. Frumkin, and Sergei S. Yudin, whose work in gastric surgery is unmatched. Professor Yudin not only performed over 2400 front-line battle operations, but somehow found time to run the large Sklifasovsky emergency hospital in Moscow, which pioneered the idea of making plasma from the blood of fresh cadavers. Besides his fame for removing duodenal ulcers, Yudin also perfected the technique of replacing injured throats by subcutaneously moving up a part of the small intestine, around which is wrapped living flesh, to form a new esophagus. One of the professional delights of Russia is to watch an operation by Professor Yudin. As the critical Dr. Lang reported:

> We watched this slim, dynamic man doing a subtotal gastrectomy. His technique is superb. He is an ambidextrous and clever surgeon. His instrument nurse (the wife of a Vice-Commissar) is the best we have seen in Russia. By contrast, his assistants, a man of 62 and a woman of 54, are very clumsy and poorly trained.

As to the state of Russian health, the International Red Cross has estimated that 20 million civilians died of starvation and the related effects of World War II. Unquestionably, millions of other deaths were hastened by lack of food, and the effect will be felt for a generation in tuberculosis, bad teeth, faulty bone structure, cardiac ailments and digestive troubles. American dentists were shocked at the poor state of Russian teeth, which accounts for the startling frequency of badly-made stainless steel dentures. A dentist who treated Russian workers at the U.S. Embassy reported that dead teeth didn't seem to matter much to Soviet dentists, who simply left them in. On X-raying, he usually found evidence of granulomas or ulcers.

Another problem is the traditional Russian lack of hygiene. There is practically no flush plumbing or garbage disposal in Russia, and so there are accumulations of filth attended in summer by swarms of enormous flies. Body lice are so common that delousing stations are standard equipment in every railway station, while rats distribute the dread typhus. Cholera, malaria and bacillary dysentery are believed to be endemic in many regions of the Soviet Union. During the war, the Soviets flatly insisted that typhus, cholera and venereal disease were not to be found in Russia, but Health Minister Smirnov in 1947 spoke of the serious proportions of all of these, and charged that sanitary and anti-epidemic measures had been neglected. "The chief defect in the work of the All-Union State Sanitary Inspection," he said, "lies in

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the fact that it entirely disregards preventive sanitary inspection, and but little attention is directed toward protection of the health and hygiene of school children."

Since the totalitarian State enjoys the constant authority of organization, it is able to shift doctors and sanitary workers arbitrarily to the most primitive and backward regions, bringing some kind of medicine to the people where none existed previously. Almost every observer has spoken highly of the mass production technique with which the Russians handled their awesome number of war casualties. But Vice-Commissar Parrin frankly admitted to Dr. Lang that medical standards had been greatly lowered since the revolution. But, he argued, "where only 5 per cent enjoyed good medicine before, 100 per cent now get some kind of medicine. Our only requirement for a doctor is the desire. We can't afford to fail our candidates; you see, the other departments and trusts offer young people more money."

IV

In spite of the disparity in standards and equipment, both sides profited in the brief period of contact between Soviet medicine and the outside world. The interesting treatises of Yudin, Frumkin, Propper-Graschenkov and Burdenko found their way into Anglo-American medical literature, and friendships were established between medical scientists on both sides. Burdenko and Yudin became the first Russians in more than thirty years to become honorary fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons and the American College of Surgeons. The sending of medical books and magazines to Russia was undertaken by scores of public and private agencies, and Dr. Yudin led a group of Soviet doctors in a visit to America. It was a bright beginning.

Materially the Soviets profited greatly from the contributions of Russian War Relief and the British donations of medical instruments and equipment. The free gift of advice and apparatus might have brought Russia reasonably well abreast of Western discoveries in micro-biology, the science responsible for penicillin and streptomycin. There were large deliveries of these drugs by the United Jewish Appeal, the American Friends Service Committee and others; moreover, UNRRA offered to build on Soviet soil a $2 million penicillin plant. American and British scientists volunteered to assist and advise Soviet researchers on the most advanced techniques. But the slender cord of cooperation was abruptly severed in June 1947, with publication of the Soviet State Secrets Act. Yudin and Vasili Parrin, who had

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visited the United States, disappeared, and in September 1947 the purge took A. R. Zhebrak, who had criticized the curious genetics theory of Lysenko. Academician Zhebrak was charged with offending the "civil honor of a Soviet man," and at the same time Academician N. P. Dubinin was blasted for "pandering to the West" by publishing articles in a foreign periodical.

Meanwhile, Soviet propaganda is trained on creating the idea that the new drugs are Soviet discoveries, somehow kidnapped and monopolized by the West. It was only in 1947 that the Soviet public learned that penicillin was not the 1928 discovery of Alexander Fleming, but rather the achievement of Russian researchers during the 1870s. The first claim was that the Tsarist scientists V. A. Manassein and A. G. Polotyebnov had studied the curative effects of mildew and "closely approached" the discovery of penicillin "between 1872 and 1877." More recently, the qualifying "approach" has been dropped, and penicillin is now flatly claimed as a Russian invention.

The clash between ideology and science has been unfortunate for the Russian people. Penicillin has never been mass-produced in the USSR, and streptomycin is practically unobtainable. In part, this is due to the lack of trained scientific workers, and in part to the overlapping of trusts and bureaucracies. After his trip to the USSR in 1946, Dr. Waksman reported that at least five ministries were competing against each other for the manufacture of anti-biotics. The equipment is scarce and of primitive design because the Ministry of Medical Industries has apparently been unable to persuade the Ministry of Light Industries or the State Planning Commission of the necessity for making modern apparatus. Pure reagents and fine chemicals are even more difficult to obtain through the bewildering system of priorities, echelons and conflicts of top-level personalities. The State Secrets Act has also imposed a new barrier between Soviet scientists, since much of the work actually done in the USSR is not allowed to be published for the use of other Russian researchers.

The latest curbs on Soviet science may produce political benefits but they are not likely to improve the state of Soviet medicine or the health of the Russian people.

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BOB INGERSOLL, THE DEVIL'S AMBASSADOR

BY *RICHARD O'CONNOR*

For many years, the American clergy of all sects agreed on one matter as they had never agreed before or have since — that the Devil was personally represented on this planet between the years 1833 and 1899 by a zealous, exasperating, confounding, Bible-quoting advocate. For such an unholy evangel, who roamed the country denouncing the Old Testament and ridiculing the New, drawing listeners like a Pied Piper from the hellish new world of Darwin and Huxley, the reverend gentlemen stopped their ancient schismatic feuding and became comrades-in-arms. Their common foe, of course, was Robert G. Ingersoll, the Billy Sunday of the freethinkers, the breath of brimstone in your grandmother's girlhood.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll, lawyer, soldier and lecturer, had no irreligious prejudices. He berated the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant religions with equal fury. Once he said, "I hate Methodism, and yet I know hundreds of splendid Methodists. I hate Catholicism and like Catholics. I hate insanity but not the insane." He abandoned all hopes of a political career — one that promised to lead him to the highest offices in the land — because he could not forsake publicly pointing out "Some Mistakes of Moses."

The clergy, of course, did not detest him solely because of his beliefs. The audiences he drew — which one month paid him $50,000 while on tour — and the enthusiasm he aroused in them by his forensic gifts, also enraged the leaders of the various religions. People paid one dollar a head to jam into halls and auditoriums to hear him speak — and did not feel abashed to drop a dime into the collection plate the next Sunday. When the clergy declared that he was "guiding the gullible to eternal damnation for a dollar a head," Ingersoll blandly replied that it only proved people were willing to pay more for

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his talks than for a chance at ephemeral salvation from the non-existent terrors of after-life. When an ardent religionist tried to pin him down to a choice between Protestantism and Catholicism, he retorted that the former was preferable "because there is less of it."

II

The man who reigned as "The Great Agnostic" in the United States at roughly the same time as the more decorous régime of Victoria over the British Empire was a minister's son.

His more or less official biographer, H. E. Kittredge (*Ingersoll*, 1911) began his study of Ingersoll with a majestic surge of rhetoric such as his subject had delighted in: "England has her Stratford-on-Avon. . . . America has her Dresden. . . . For there was born the greatest and noblest of the Western World." By which he meant that Ingersoll was born in Dresden, New York, in 1833. His father was the Rev. John Ingersoll, a Presbyterian minister of Scottish descent. His mother was the former Mary Livingston, who was descended from a signer of the Declaration of Independence. She died in his infancy, so it was his father who had the greatest influence on his formative years. From all accounts, the Rev. Livingston was a curmudgeon, especially on the subject of religion. Many said he drove his son into godlessness. Ingersoll himself denied that paternal intolerance was responsible for his agnosticism.

"The story that the unkindness of my father drove me into infidelity is simply an orthodox lie," he wrote later. "My father was a kind and loving man. He had one misfortune, and that was his religion. He believed the Bible, and in the shadow of that frightful book he passed his life. My father was infinitely better than the religion he preached. . . ."

Ingersoll said he had a "dim recollection of hating Jehovah when I was very small." In his largely self-taught youth, he read Shakespeare, Burns, Voltaire and Tom Paine. The latter two especially became his intellectual idols — preoccupied with idol-smashing as he was.

The Rev. Ingersoll moved his family to Illinois, and there young Robert and the elder brother to whom he was greatly attached, Eben, were admitted to the bar and started practice in Shawneetown. By the time the Civil War started, Ingersoll was a confirmed non-believer in religious doctrine, a fairly prominent lawyer, and a man dedicated to bringing on an era when "Reason, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings and God of Gods." He had discovered 61 reasons for doubting the divine inspiration of the Bible. He had de-

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cided that the doctrine of eternal punishment was the most detestable phase of religious teaching, and had determined to embark on a career of bringing the ideals of "intellectual liberty and human progress" closer. He was also so fervid an Abolitionist — his mother had been the first woman in the United States to circulate anti-slavery petitions, it was said — that he abandoned the Democratic party and became a Republican.

His father had died in 1859, and he waited respectfully for one year before beginning his first series of lectures against religion. His political prestige grew rapidly. When the war broke out, he was appointed colonel of the 11th Illinois Cavalry. It developed, however, that Ingersoll was more militant than military.

Col. Ingersoll and his regiment went to the front in time to join Grant's Tennessee Valley campaign of 1862. He fought at Shiloh and was commended for his courage, when he and his division commander, Lew Wallace, whose subsequent writing was diametrically opposed to Ingersoll's, finally brought the "lost division" into the battle-line hours after the worst was over. It was his last major battle.

In December of 1862, he was on duty with his regiment in middle Tennessee, charged with trying to prevent the depredations of the Confederate cavalry raiders. One of these — the greatest — was Nathan Bedford Forrest. Before the war was over, General Forrest wrecked almost as many military reputations in the Federal Army as Robert E. Lee. He was, in fact, directly responsible for Ingersoll's exit from the Civil War. On December 18, 1862, he led his regiment into action against Forrest at Lexington. Ingersoll's regiment was broken and sent into rout by the enemy horsemen. He decided to surrender what was left.

General Forrest rode up to him just as a unit of Federal cavalrymen was sighted in full flight from the lost field.

"Who commands those troops?" the irascible Forrest demanded, waving toward the fugitives.

Ingersoll was not eager for the credit. "I don't know," he murmured.

"Who *was* in command?"

Ingersoll leaned confidentially toward the victor. "If you'll keep the secret, I'll tell you. I was."

The incident led to a long, postwar friendship between the very dissimilar men, Forrest being a pious Ku Kluxer at the birth of the night-riding organization and Ingersoll being in favor of harsh measures in "reconstructing" the South. (It was an odd instance of Ingersoll's charming trait of being able to tolerate the man while detesting his beliefs.) At any

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rate, after the capture of Ingersoll and his regiment by Forrest, the military career of Robert G. Ingersoll was over. He was soon paroled to his home but was not exchanged, so honor forbade his return to uniform. Further, he had said on returning home, "I thought I was a soldier, but I was surrounded and captured before I knew what it was all about. I'm not a soldier, and I'm not going to try to be."

III

In 1867, he became Attorney-General of Illinois and a brilliant political career was predicted for him. The all-conquering Republicans wanted to nominate him for governor in the election of 1868. With his oratorical ability, his popularity and his aptitude for vivid slogans, he seemed headed straight for the White House, once U. S. Grant had his fill of office. He certainly would have had as good a chance as any if he had only been willing to hold his tongue on matters of religion. The Illinois Republican leaders told him that he could have the gubernatorial nomination if he would give up lecturing against the churches. It must have reminded Ingersoll of the account of Jesus being taken to the summit by Satan, shown the world stretched at his feet, and being offered it if he would betray God. Ingersoll said he could not accept the offer, and he never held office again.

Instead, he continued his legal and lecturing careers, both profitable, both bringing him increasing fame. The theories and teachings of Darwin and Huxley in England only propelled him along his course. He called himself an "agnostic," a word coined by Huxley. In regard to Darwin's influence he said:

> I think we came up from the lower animals. I am not dead sure of it, but I think so. When I first read of it, I didn't like it. My heart was filled with sympathy for those people who have nothing to be proud of except ancestors. I thought how terrible this will be upon the nobility of the old world. Think of their being forced back to the Duke Orang Outang or to the Princess Chimpanzee. After thinking it all over I came to the conclusion that I liked that doctrine.
>
> How do you account for John Calvin unless we came up from the lower animals? How can you account for a man who would use the extremes of torture unless you admit that there is in man the elements of a snake, of a vulture, a hyena, and a jackal? How can you account for the religious creeds of today? How can you account for that infamous doctrine of hell except with an animal origin?

The stern background of his father's church always drew his bitterest gibes.

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"Dyspepsia produced Calvinism and Calvinism is the cancer of Christianity," he said.

For almost three decades, he trouped through the land assailing religion from a thousand platforms. Few lecturers have surpassed his fee-gathering powers; he took in from $2000 to $7000 a night, as a rule, when he was on the road. Generally, the "Standing Room Only" sign was hoisted long before he appeared on the platform. The crowds listened to him breathlessly. "He swayed and moved and impelled and restrained and worked in all ways with the mass before him," a Chicago reporter wrote. For two or three hours, with the organ-toned voice and magnificent gestures that were standard equipment in those days, he mocked, assailed, dissected and denounced the beliefs inculcated into his audiences from childhood. Did they rise up and chase him over the rooftops? Did they attempt to still the heretical, if golden, voice? Not exactly. After a few hours, he would pause and demand of his audience, "Can you stand it; can you stand more of it?" Invariably there was a clamor for him to continue. Whether it was his hypnotic oratory, his ideas, or the delightful sound of idols crashing, he was the great single attraction of the latter three decades of the nineteenth century . . . even with such competition as Oscar Wilde, Mark Twain, Conan Doyle, General Sherman, Chauncey Depew, and P. T. Barnum's importations.

Perhaps also it was the piquant contrast between his blasphemous theories and his appearance. His audiences expected such a notable representative of the Devil, as the clergy depicted him, to have some badge of unholy office; if not a forked tail or pointed ears, at least a sinister cast of countenance. Instead he looked and behaved like a bishop. He had a bland face, white hair, a benign if somewhat humorous pair of eyes, a portly figure. His bless-you-dear-people airs evaporated only when he began to assail the Bible and all the denominations of believers which evolved from it.

His enemies were further irked by the fact that his private life was blameless. In everything but the practice of religion he was rigidly orthodox — 100 per cent American, true-blue Republican, proponent of the sound dollar and the gold standard, less of a political radical than the ardently Christian William Jennings Bryan, devoted family man. His wife, Eva Amelia, whom he married in 1862 just before marching off to war, was "a skeptic and the daughter of a skeptic," fortuitously. His collected works were dedicated to her as "A Woman Without Superstition" — there was

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no greater compliment in his lexicon. His letters to her, their two daughters and their grandchildren indicated he was a model husband and father. No scandal ever touched him.

Of the paradox of his public iconoclasm and his private conformity to the Victorian code, the Rev. James M. Gillis, in a series of lectures at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York in 1926, perhaps the last clerical notice of him, said with ironic truth and more charity than Ingersoll received from the pulpit in his own time:

> With all his bluster against Christianity, he actually lived — at least in private — upon a basis of Christian belief and Christian ethics. A man may reject a belief and still live by it. He may attack a civilization and yet remain under obligations to it. The radicals in our midst, for example, are the beneficiaries of the government that they are trying to overthrow. Ingersoll knew so little of the history of morality that he was unaware that all his ideas of love, of peace, of freedom, of purity, were specifically Christian.

IV

The churchmen of his day were less restrained and analytical in speaking and writing of Colonel Bob Ingersoll. At various times he was accused of complicity in the assassination of President Garfield, of causing murders, suicides and divorces. A religious weekly published an article declaring that his only son, addicted to reading "cheap novels" under his father's influence, had lost his mind and died in an insane asylum. Ingersoll issued a categorical denial:

"1. My only son was not a great novel reader.

"2. He did not go insane.

"3. He was not sent to an asylum.

"4. He did not die.

"5. I never had a son."

Another critic, non-denominational, declared that Ingersoll had "a ready tongue, a grotesque imagination, and an all-pervading egotism." This was closer to the mark, and Ingersoll did not answer him. But a Rev. Dr. Talmadge of Brooklyn had the misfortune to criticize his attacks on the probability of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Ingersoll replied: "No, I don't believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, but if Jonah had a mouth as large as Dr. Talmadge's, I am ready to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale." A lady evangelist who called him a "poor barking dog" quickly learned that he had discarded chivalry in his fight against religion. To her he replied: "What would you think of me if I should retort, using your language, and changing only the sex of the last word?"

And when the clergy hurled miracles, saints, martyrs, parables, and

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religious heroes at him, defying him to detract from their memory, he said, "One fact is worth a whole cemetery of distinguished corpses." He refused to acknowledge the divinity of Jesus Christ, remarking that He "was either honestly mistaken, insane or an impostor." But he also said, "For the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. . . . He was the reformer of His day. He was an infidel in His time."

It was difficult to determine from his speeches and writings — which fill twelve volumes under the title of *Collected Works* — just how far his free-thinking went. He did not deny the existence of a Supreme Being; he did not deny he hoped there was an after-life in which he might be reunited with his beloved family; but he refused to believe in Heaven at the expense of believing in a fiery Hell. The principal targets of his long campaign against secular religion were its "man-made" aspects and its insistence on the fact of Hell as a means of keeping the faithful in line. "Religion has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand organ, and Ireland to exile," he asserted. He allowed a cigar to be manufactured and distributed under his name and suggested as an advertising slogan, "Let us smoke in this world and not the next." The cigar eventually became a best-seller.

Despite the heresies he hurled from the lecture platform, his career as a lawyer prospered. In 1879, he moved from Illinois to Washington to handle the growing volume of his cases. His greatest legal triumph perhaps was his defense of the notorious "Star Routes" conspiracy defendants in the early eighties, a prolonged court battle that resulted in the acquittal of his two chief clients. The Republican party did not hesitate to use his great forensic talents, while hoping the pious electorate would overlook his attitude toward religion.

For all his skill at manufacturing epigrams and at answering debaters and hecklers with wit and brevity, Ingersoll's oratory was of the grandiloquent style, and reading through most of the *Collected Works* is like cutting through a jungle of lush rhetoric, a tangle of metaphors and other gaudy figures of speech. For instance, his famous speech nominating James G. Blaine of Maine for the Presidency in 1876: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of his country's enemies and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now, is as though an army should desert their general upon

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the field of battle. . . ." And so on. The convention went wild over his "plumed knight" designation of Blaine, but when the sobering business of the balloting began, they chose Rutherford B. Hayes.

Ingersoll's hero was finally nominated in 1884, only to be defeated in the election by Grover Cleveland. Of the latter Ingersoll commented, "The best thing I know about Cleveland is that he goes fishing on Sunday."

Despite the enemies he raised among the orthodox, Ingersoll found an admirer — in a limited sense — in Henry Ward Beecher, who was reckoned the spokesman for the forces of Good as Ingersoll was accounted the mouthpiece of Evil. Beecher once introduced Ingersoll from the platform with the words, "He is the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue of all men on this globe." After a moment of thought, Beecher added cautiously that this endorsement did not mean he shared Ingersoll's "skepticism."

It cannot fairly be said that Ingersoll knew any "declining years," but in 1885 he moved his family to the greater tranquility of Dobbs Ferry, New York, which he used as a base for continued speaking and writing. Nor can it be said that his views became mellower or more orthodox even while his manner grew gentler and more tolerant. There is no evidence that he recanted, even in the knowledge that he might be carried off any hour with heart disease. Only eight days before his death he wrote (to C. S. Robins), "I still deny the existence of the supernatural, and I still say that real religion is usefulness."

It was the great hope of many American clergymen that Ingersoll would give fair notice of his approaching death and allow them to flock to his deathbed to convert him at the last moment. It seemed only fair that, for once, they would be allowed the last word with "the Great Agnostic." Even in this pathetic hope they were disappointed, for he died suddenly of angina pectoris on July 21, 1899. Religion in America has never known a more effective enemy. He looked more like a parson than a Satanic messenger; he fought with wit and reason rather than humorless ranting; he had an enchanting personality and more private virtues than most of his public enemies; he had the courage to take arms against the prevailing and multiple hypocrisies of the Victorian age. Yet it is significant that once his magnetic voice was stilled and his personality no longer illuminated his words, his influence and memory almost vanished. Ingersoll's eloquent skepticism was unable to survive in competition with the newer and more sophisticated heresies.

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MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD

BY *ALAN HYND*

FOR A man who was to enact the central rôle, that of the corpse, in a Hollywood off-screen murder mystery, William Deane-Tanner had an ideal background. His profession, motion-picture directing, was glamorous. His life was populated with beautiful women who loved him. His past was honeycombed with fascinating enigmas and blind spots.

When, on the night of February 1, 1922, Deane-Tanner was slain, at the age of 45 under the *nom de plume* of William Desmond Taylor, the curtain ascended on Hollywood's greatest mystery. Today, more than a quarter of a century later, the crime still stubbornly defies solution, and the chances are it will never be solved. If it is, it will be because the slayer some day confesses on a deathbed a dark secret that has been locked in a guilty heart all these years.

Certain unanswered questions about the Taylor case lose none of their fascination with the passage of time. Was the movie director murdered by a man or a woman? Was the motive jealousy, revenge, or something more obscure? Was Taylor's fugitive manservant his long-lost brother? What secrets were contained in a bundle of letters removed from the murder scene, and later destroyed, by an executive of the movie studio where the director was employed? Why was a blonde movie star's monogrammed nightgown, found in Taylor's bedroom, and other evidence in the case, surreptitiously removed from the official files by the District Attorney and taken to his home, there to disappear?

Up until 1908, when he was a partner in a prosperous art and antique shop in New York City, William Deane-Tanner, who had not yet become William Desmond Taylor, had led a life that was varied but comparatively uncomplicated. Born in Ireland's County Cork to an English Army officer and an Irish gentlewoman, Deane-Tanner had, after a sound European education, prospected for gold in Alaska, ranched in Kansas, and played juvenile parts on the stage

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in the company of the celebrated Fanny Davenport. In 1901, when he was 24, he married Ethel May Harris, a Floradora girl. They had one daughter.

Deane-Tanner was earning upward of $20,000 a year in the art and antique business — quite an income in 1908 for a man of 31. He was apparently devoted to his wife, daughter and home. One day he said to a friend, "I am going away and will not be back." Then, for a reason never explained, he vanished completely.

William Deane-Tanner had a younger brother, Dennis, a failure at various jobs. The brothers saw little of each other. Dennis was living in New York, married, and the father of two children, when his brother disappeared. Four years later, in 1912, he, too, dropped from sight.

For six years, William Deane-Tanner dwelled in limbo. Then, in 1914, he turned up as William Desmond Taylor in the Hollywood of came-the-dawn subtitles, directors with megaphones and puttees, Keystone comic cops, and bathing beauties who never went near the water. He was tall and spare, gravely handsome, charmingly reticent, and had the Englishman's knack of wearing clothes. Soon he was a rising leading man.

Taylor's wife, remarried, went to a movie one day with her daughter, to be startled by a figure on the screen. "That," she said, "is your father." The wife of Dennis Deane-Tanner made the same discovery. She confronted Taylor in Hollywood. "You deserted your wife and child," she told her brother-in-law. "What do you intend to do about it?" Taylor denied his identity. "You can't fool me," said the woman. "I'll go to the newspapers with some old photographs of you." Taylor, fearing a scandal, began to mail his sister-in-law $50 monthly — a practice he continued until his death.

By 1922, Taylor had abandoned acting and become one of Hollywood's leading directors. He was employed by Paramount at a salary of $750 a week. He directed such stars as Mary Pickford, who called him the most patient man she had ever known, and a blonde young lady from Shreveport, Louisiana, famed on the screen as Mary Miles Minter.

Miss Minter, who was in her twenties and quite sophisticated in private life, specialized in the portrayal of wholesome unkissed adolescents and, in publicity releases, never seemed quite to attain her seventeenth birthday. First she admired Taylor as a director, then as a man.

II

Taylor lived in the Alvarado Court Apartments, in the fashionable Westlake Park district of Los Angeles.

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Douglas MacLean, a popular light comedian, and his wife, were his neighbors in the near half of the next house. His bachelor existence was quietly luxurious. The apartment was richly furnished, and he maintained a limousine and chauffeur. He also kept a manservant, who arrived in the morning in time to prepare his breakfast, shopped and cleaned the house during the day, and left after preparing dinner at night. Neighborhood gossip had it that a different woman visited Taylor every night.

For a time the director's manservant had been a shifty-eyed individual named Edward Sands. Sands didn't have the cultivated subservience of the experienced servant. The MacLean butler once asked him where he had previously been employed. "None of your business," snapped Sands.

A few months before his end, Taylor returned from a trip abroad to find that Sands had, in his absence, forged his name to checks, then disappeared. The director swore out a warrant for Sands' arrest and the servant became a fugitive.

Sands reappeared shortly before the murder to rob Taylor of some antiques. He hocked the property in Fresno under the name of William Deane-Tanner, clear indication that he knew a good deal about his former employer's past. Taylor was bitter toward Sands. "I am not a violent man," he told a friend, "but if I ever lay hands on Sands, I'll kill him."

Late on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 1, 1922, Taylor arrived home from a day at the studio to work on his income tax return — a comparatively happy process in 1922, since the total tax was only 4 per cent. At 6:30, his colored house man, Henry Peavey, announced a solitary dinner.

The door bell rang. "Who can that be?" Taylor inquired of Peavey. "I'm not expecting anybody."

The visitor was a leading screen comedienne of the era — Mabel Normand, a curvaceous young lady with banjo eyes. Miss Normand was in love with Taylor, but he seems not to have reciprocated her feelings. He appears to have been engaged in an attempt to elevate Miss Normand's taste in literature, which ranged from the *Police Gazette* to Ethel M. Dell. He gave her a book on philosophy. "Please call me later and let me know how you like it," he said.

At 7:30, Taylor escorted Miss Normand to her waiting car. Peavey, the servant, had meanwhile made short work of the dinner dishes and gone for the day. Taylor's chauffeur had likewise been dismissed. Thus the apartment was temporarily unoccupied. The front door was ajar and the quick Pacific dusk had dropped like a

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curtain. A murderer could easily have entered the apartment unobserved, there to remain secreted until Taylor returned.

At 8:15, Mrs. Douglas MacLean heard a sharp report from the direction of Taylor's apartment. "That sounded like a shot," she said to her husband. Mrs. MacLean went out and saw, emerging from the Taylor door, the figure of a man with a peculiar walk, or a woman dressed as a man. Nobody else on Alvarado Court seems to have heard or noticed anything untoward.

Taylor's chauffeur tried unsuccessfully to reach him on the phone, at 8:30 and subsequently, to learn when he was to report in the morning. Mabel Normand, in bed eating peanuts, phoned Taylor around 9, to tell him she couldn't make head or tail out of the philosophy book. She received no answer. The hour of the murder was thus fixed at 8:15, when Mrs. MacLean heard the sharp report.

Taylor was found dead by Peavey at 7 o'clock next morning. He was lying face upward on the living room floor, just inside the front door. He was fully clothed and natural looking. He had, it was to develop, been shot in the back. The apartment was in perfect order, with the exception of an overturned chair near the body. Robbery had not been the motive.

Peavey, thinking his master had died of a heart attack, telephoned not to the police but to Charles Eyton, an official of Paramount Pictures and a close friend of the director's. When Eyton arrived, less than half an hour later, the apartment resembled a through thoroughfare for neighbors, policemen on the beat, and plain passers-by — far from an ideal situation for the preservation of evidence in a murder mystery.

Among the passers-by was a physician, whose identity was never subsequently learned. He examined the corpse without turning it over, ascribed death to a stomach hemorrhage, then drove away. Taylor's friend Eyton hastened upstairs to the director's bedroom, where he stuffed his pockets with letters and other personal belongings of the dead man. Returning to the first floor, he turned the body over. "Look," he said to a detective, "there's a bullet hole in Mr. Taylor's back. He's been murdered."

Mabel Normand also appeared at the height of the confusion. A detective noticed her slipping a bundle of letters into her handbag. The comedienne melted him with a smile. "These," she said, patting her handbag, "belong to me." Off she went with what may have been vital evidence.

Mary Miles Minter, the perennial adolescent, didn't make out as well as

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Miss Normand. A pink chiffon nightgown, bearing the monogram M.M.M., was found in Taylor's bedroom. Three strands of Miss Minter's hair were recovered from the jacket lapel of the corpse. A bundle of letters she had written to Taylor were found in the toe of one of the director's riding boots.

III

Miss Minter's letters were proof in her own handwriting that the aura of innocence which bathed her publicity was completely fraudulent. The resultant disillusionment among her fans quickly dimmed her lustre at the box office. She faded from the celluloid heavens shortly thereafter.

The literary quality of the riding-boot prose, while perishable, was just what the doctor ordered to invigorate the circulations of ailing newspapers. A sample:

> What shall I call you, wonderful man? I want to go away with you — up in the hills — anywhere — just so we can be alone.
>
> I would sweep and dust — oh, yes, and fix the table and help you wash the dishes, and then, in my spare time, darn your socks.
>
> I'd go to my room and put on something scant and flowing; then I would lie on the couch and wait for you. I might fall asleep, for a fire makes me drowsy. Then I would awake and find two strong arms around me and two dear lips pressed to mine in a long sweet kiss.

Studios with investments in Minter and Normand films summoned public-pulse feelers to contrive strategy. After careful coaching and several rehearsals, Miss Minter received the press. She was demure in a schoolgirl dress and Mary Janes, and looked as if she didn't know what a chiffon nightgown was.

"How long were you and Taylor in love?" asked a jaundiced reporter.

"Love?" parried Mary, blushing. "Why Mr. Taylor was like a *father* to me."

"Did you and Mabel Normand ever fight over Taylor?"

"Goodness, gracious, no. I understand," said Mary, attempting to wash her hands of the whole business, "that Miss Normand and Mr. Taylor were engaged."

Miss Normand, who moved her lips when she read to herself, went into seclusion to memorize a two-paragraph statement that a local Ivy Lee had composed for her. She emerged to assure an assembly of scribes that Taylor had been like a father to her, too.

Detective Ed C. King, a quiet, painstaking investigator, was placed in charge of the case for the office of District Attorney Thomas Lee Wool-

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wine. King learned that Taylor had been in the big money for more than half of his eight years in Hollywood. Thus the detective was puzzled when he discovered that Taylor had but a few thousand dollars in the bank and little in the way of material possessions.

Bank records disclosed that Taylor had frequently made large, unexplained cash withdrawals. In view of the man's checkered past, particularly the lost years between 1908 and 1914, King wondered if Taylor had contracted a blackmailer. The day before his death, Taylor had withdrawn $2500 in cash from the bank, then re-deposited it the afternoon of his murder. This could have reflected the behavior of a man who had prepared himself to make an extortion payment, then decided against it. Had a blackmailer confronted Taylor with a demand for payment previously promised him, then murdered the director when he refused to come across?

The bullet that killed Taylor entered the right side of his back, low on the torso, and took an upward course through his left breast, lodging in the shoulder muscles. Holes made by the bullet in the director's jacket and in his vest did not correspond. The hole in the jacket was lower than the one in the vest. Detective King believed this was due to Taylor having been shot when his jacket was hiked upward as he reached with his right hand for a chair with which to attack his assailant. An overturned chair was the sole sign of disorder in the apartment.

Who would have blackmailed Taylor? A quarter of a century ago Hollywood celebrities were in mortal dread of scandal. They became blackmail victims on the basis of threats that today would be laughed off. Sands, the missing butler, might well have been a blackmailer.

King, learning about Taylor's missing brother, wondered if Dennis Deane-Tanner and Sands could have been one and the same. Good photographs of the men were non-existent but their general descriptions tallied. Sands' fingerprints were developed from objects he had handled while in Taylor's employ. Thus it was learned that he had served two hitches in the Navy, once under the name of Sands, once under another name. The first hitch coincided with Dennis Deane-Tanner's disappearance ten years previously.

The butts of some of Taylor's specially-blended cigarettes were found in the rear of his home, at a spot where a loiterer might have been secreted. The Sands theory was strengthened by this discovery, for Sands, who was known to be partial to the director's preference in cigarettes, had stolen a large supply of them when he robbed Taylor a few

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weeks before. "That just about proves Sands did it," said District Attorney Woolwine, who knew more about publicity than crime detection.

"Not necessarily," replied Detective King. "Taylor supplied actress friends and others with his special cigarettes. The smoker behind the bungalow wasn't necessarily the killer either. It could have been a discarded mistress, eavesdropping to find out who her successor was."

King questioned Eyton, the studio official, about what he had removed from Taylor's bedroom and what he had done with it. "I took letters and mementos to Bill from married women," said Eyton. "I destroyed the stuff to avoid a scandal, but I certainly had no intention of obstructing justice." But Eyton might unwittingly have done just that. King would have given his right arm for the names of the married women with whom Taylor had had affairs. The husband of any one of them could have been the killer.

It developed that Taylor had, only a few weeks before his murder, gone to the Federal authorities and given them information about a dope ring operating in the film capital. Taylor's story on that occasion was that he wished to protect an actress who was patronizing the ring. Now King wondered if Taylor hadn't turned stool pigeon to protect himself. Those large, unexplained cash withdrawals from the director's bank account could very well have gone for dope purchases for himself from a gang that was bleeding him white.

IV

Mabel Normand had an airtight alibi for her whereabouts when Taylor was killed at 8:15. She had been in bed. Mary Miles Minter gave contradictory statements about her movements at the hour of the crime. She had been here. She had been there. No, she had been some other place.

"When did you see Taylor last?" Detective King asked the actress.

"Oh, not for several months."

"Peavey tells us you were in his apartment two nights before the murder."

"Peavey is lying."

"If you were not in his apartment the night he was killed, how do you account for your hair being found on his lapel?"

"They couldn't have been my hairs."

"They match microscopically with combings from brushes in your studio dressing room."

Miss Minter made her home with her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, who had guided every step of her daughter's career with a bitter, all-consuming ambition. Mrs. Shelby told King she had been home the hour

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of the murder, but her own mother — a testy old lady whose memory had begun to fail — contradicted her daughter. "Charlotte," she said, "you know damned well you were out of the house from late afternoon until almost 10 o'clock that night."

The investigators were swamped with tips. Sands, the missing servant, was reported positively seen in at least a dozen states, simultaneously. Detailed descriptions of men and women seen lurking near Taylor's apartment just before the crime arrived in such numbers that had the reports all been true, the loiterers would have been packed together like sardines.

Detective King and other sleuths began a long probe that took them from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from Alaska to Mexico. Sometimes they were not far behind Sands, the missing servant, but they were never actually to lay hands on him.

One day King was in the D. A.'s office, going over the evidence in the case, hoping a new lead would suggest itself, when he discovered that the M.M.M. nightgown and Miss Minter's hair and letters had been removed from the files. King asked a member of District Attorney Woolwine's staff what had become of the evidence. "Mr. Woolwine," King was informed, "took the Minter evidence to his home. He is a very good friend of Miss Minter and her mother, you know." Woolwine died not long afterward. The Minter evidence had, in the tradition of the Taylor case, vanished.

Even now the Taylor case remains one of the three most talked-of American crimes of the century, the two others being the Lindbergh case and New Jersey's Hall-Mills case, in which a philandering minister and a married choir singer were murdered by a person or persons unknown. Taylor, a man of secrets, took his secrets to the grave with him. His past may have held the key to his murder, but the law was never able sufficiently to probe his past to dissipate the enigmas there.

Physically, the evidence would seem to point to a male killer. Taylor would hardly have attempted to use a chair to defend himself against a woman. And yet King, who knows as much about the case as anybody else, inclines to the theory that a woman committed the murder. In a signed statement, made public in 1930 — eight years after the murder — King had this to say:

> We had never been satisfied that the person seen by Mrs. MacLean, emerging from the Taylor residence, was not a woman in disguise as a man. Almost from the first . . . I have *known* who committed this murder. But knowing it and proving it are two separate things.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH COLLEGE TEACHING?

BY *PAUL KLAPPER*

THERE are 2.25 million fulltime students in our colleges. Some live on the campus, others spend an hour or more traveling to and from their classes. Judged in terms of the future, this is the most significant segment of our population. Judged by present tests of ability and actual achievement, they are also an extremely promising group. From them we shall replenish the ranks of teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers and ministers. From them will come the foremost scientists and, in the main, the leaders in government, industry, and commerce. They will be the backbone of most sub-professional callings — the clinical psychologists, the opticians, the draftsmen, and the laboratory technicians.

Only a generation ago it was possible to achieve a recognized place in one of these fields with a minimum of organized teaching and persevering self-application. Such successful people were known as self-made. Today the body of basic knowledge and primary skills essential in these callings precludes any such haphazard preparation. Years of carefully directed effort in classroom, laboratory, and studio are now required for these vocations and professions. To succeed, intense and sustained application is necessary, even in the sub-professional groups. Thus, in a true sense, every skilled or professional person is today self-made.

Because of this greater dependence of students on mature and experienced teachers, one would naturally expect a focusing of effort to achieve highly effective teaching in post-high-school institutions. But the gap between expectation and what actually happens is wide and discouraging. To be sure, there is stimulating teaching in which students are spurred to fruitful effort and strengthening self-direction, but such teaching is altogether too rare. Actually, week after week and semester after semester, students are exposed to pedestrian instruction which establishes no sustained vital contacts with them.

There are three principal systems of

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teaching in higher education: lectures, recitation and discussion, and laboratory or studio work.

In many large institutions, groups of 200 to 1000 students assemble regularly in the basic courses to hear a lecturer of adequate scholarship. Such large groups bring with them highly diverse ability, experience and outlook — as well as an amazing variety of information and misinformation. Confronted by such a heterogeneous group, what is the professor to do? He never made any pretensions to the voice, the physical energy or the platform presence necessary to reach so many students. So he solves this problem in the easiest way by giving the students, in simple, well organized form, the essentials of the course assigned to him. The material of the lectures usually repeats what is to be found in standard texts, one of which may have been written by the lecturer himself. Since education is in essence a process of living and reliving experiences, teaching cannot be conceived as a process of giving by the teacher, however earnest he may be, or of taking by the students, however eager they may be.

During the lecture there is hectic note taking by young people who have not been taught that, psychologically, intelligent listening is highly selective. In their eagerness to set down the lecturer's last idea, they lose the succeeding one he is just then elaborating. Their notes are alternations of recorded facts and gaps to be filled later with statements often misquoted. Enterprising students work in pairs, and supplement each other's notes, which are handed down to succeeding generations of students. Some even make a business of selling mimeographed copies of lecture notes, thus reducing the need for writing and even for listening attentively.

Under specific conditions the lecture is, of course, a legitimate and profitable method of teaching. When the professor meets a group only irregularly and infrequently, he may find no other method advisable. There are also occasions when he thinks the class needs a plan of organization for a large division of the subject he is to teach. At other times he may desire to undermine common misconceptions which the students reveal, or to give, in simple terms, the results of his own studies or the trends of current research that may not yet be available to students. But there seems to be no justification for the persistent use of this form of didactic mass instruction. There is no searching of students' minds by the master, no planned clash of ideas, and none of that vigorous student reaction to basic concepts which is a prerequisite to real learning.

The students usually do little or

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nothing in preparation for the lecture. The class is mentally passive because the relentless spread of information discourages a questioning attitude. Moreover, most of the subject matter of the lecture is available in the college library, often in the very readings that are prescribed for the course. At the sound of the dismissal bell, 750 students disappear through the many exits of an auditorium, and the professor leaves by a special door. No question has been asked, no doubt resolved.

A few years of undiluted lecturing may spoil a good man for real teaching, because for him, too, lecturing may be as mentally enervating as it is for the students, especially if he is repeating the course. Lecturing is a tenacious habit of mind; there are professors who lecture as readily to twenty students as to two hundred. Proponents of the lecture method frequently ask whether it is not better for five hundred students to sit before one great teacher than for twenty small groups to listen to twenty mediocre instructors. The answer to this loaded question is, of course, an emphatic affirmative, since there is only one intelligent choice between the superlative and the mediocre.

Nevertheless, this question carries an implied warning that a small class does not necessarily insure good teaching. Much purposeless teaching goes on in classes of twenty-five or so by instructors who have no natural teaching sense and have never been stimulated to make a critical self-appraisal of their teaching practices. Let us compare the classwork of two instructors in the same institution, both teaching *Paradise Lost*, both limited for the assignment to one hour in a freshman course in the humanities.

II

The first instructor explains briefly that Milton should be read aloud and slowly by the uninitiated. He proceeds to read aloud selected passages from *Paradise Lost*. He interrupts himself to make helpful comments or to ask well phrased questions which lead the class to significant observations, inferences and generalizations. He skilfully blends doctrinal matters with dramatic narration. He makes telling use of alliteration, the grandeur of the imagery, the poetic license with Genesis and Biblical episodes, the strength of the personality ascribed to Satan, the liberties Milton took with all characters except God, with "the result, God is less dramatic and Satan remains colorful." The instructor deliberately subordinates doctrinal matters to elements of literary significance.

Throughout the hour these college freshmen hear Milton and carry away the sound of his words. The discussion is directed, and irrelevancies are dis-

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couraged. Because the hour moves toward a planned goal revealed to the students, their thinking is sequential and the quality of their speech is in keeping with the ideas they are gaining or enriching. Throughout the hour the instructor is a positive force, and his class remains after the bell, almost as a body, to round out a final idea. Those who have not made the necessary preparation are at an obvious disadvantage; those who have seem amply rewarded.

The second instructor may have an objective, but if he does he keeps it from his class. He begins by asking: "Are there any questions?" A palpable silence ensues and he repeats his question. A student comes to the rescue and asks, "Isn't God the origin of evil as well as of good?" The instructor promptly passes the question to his students, with "What do you think, Mr.———?" and elicits the following answers: life is controlled by destiny; there must be a higher power than God; God has planned all and foresees an infinite future; God gave man free will, hence man has free choice; omnipotence seems relative; if God plans all and foresees all, what meaning can free will have?; in paganism man is overwhelmed by fate, but in Milton we have a great Christian epic because man resists evil, and Satan himself, if he wants to; God made man strong enough to resist evil, hence the existence of evil is understandable; man has free will but God created circumstances under which he must live, hence the idea of free will is compromised; Christianity has dragged God down to human levels by ascribing to Him jealousy, love, justice, etc.

Aside from changes in the infelicities of students' language, these are the free, flowing responses of those moved to speak. The instructor acts as an impartial chairman, recognizing the successive speakers without comment. In a lull in the discussion he asks, "Why do Satan and his cohorts circumvent God's seeming intent?" Many answers are offered, but the one that seems to close the discussion is, "To test God's omnipotence."

Here we have an example of unorganized discussion that runs off in all directions and therefore lacks the vitality and the discipline of purposeful activity. At no time was a reference made to the text, nor was a student required to support his answer by quoting the appropriate lines. No idea was sharpened nor a single loose phrase tightened. The instructor relied on the students to give direction and meaning to his hour. They gave it neither. Instead, they managed to convey to themselves that *Paradise Lost* was included in a college course in the humanities because of questions of theological doctrine.

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From the frequency of this kind of teaching stems the concern which reaches deep into our conceptions of education and the college. This concern is intensified but not caused by such temporary conditions as teacher shortage, swollen enrolments which tax the facilities of an institution, and inadequate budgetary provisions. Two conditions seem to be responsible for the character and quality of college teaching: those associated with the nature of the college itself and those with the selection and preparation of college teachers. Let us consider each of them in turn.

III

The liberal arts college is uniquely American. It is truly an indigenous institution of higher learning. It has no parallel in size, in its governance and financial support, in the social origins and economic backgrounds of its students, in the variety of their ambitions. Size of enrolment and the divergent student needs that enter so largely into the make-up of the liberal arts college give it a seeming lack of purpose. The truth is that it has many purposes, striving, as it does, to serve many objectives as well as many people. Some colleges award a degree of Bachelor of Science to students who have taken less science and more arts work than their own candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The ratio of general studies to professional studies varies so much that many a liberal college degree represents studies more technical than are required for a degree from an accredited professional school. Each college is, in a sense, a law unto itself and there are no rules governing colleges. It is, therefore, natural for each instructor to construe his primary responsibilities for himself.

This freedom which the college enjoys is the source of its strength as well as its weakness. One wonders whether that freedom would be restricted if college authorities explained to their faculties that their primary responsibility as teachers was to teach well; that teaching was in essence a process of influencing human behavior through the supervised acquisition, not imposition, of a body of knowledge and its associated skills; that effective teaching produced a chemistry of minds on mind — the minds of teachers and fellow students on the mind of the student. Such teaching may take place in the lecture hall or classroom, in the laboratory or studio, and at conferences in the professor's office. The worth of the teaching lies in the permanent influence on the student's values and patterns of behavior.

We turn now to the college teachers themselves. We ask naturally who are

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they? What brought them into college teaching? What satisfactions do they expect from such teaching? Do these expectations change with the years of active service? What is their basic attitude towards young people? Is teaching a compromise c oice? What is their philosophy of life? There are no answers to these questions about any representative body of college teachers. The sociology of the college faculty has yet to be written. Until then we must fall back on impressions and unorganized information provided by people who have been closely associated with members of the fraternity of college teachers.

Professionally speaking, college teachers come to their calling because of intellectual interests and specialized scholarly attainments. They have been prepared through postgraduate studies to continue advanced work in their respective fields of specialization. They are imbued with a deep respect for research in certain areas of knowledge. The most fortunate ones complete the requirements for the doctorate early; the less fortunate, because of economic conditions or overwhelming events like a war, drag out their graduate studies and ruefully watch promotions go to the holders of the coveted Ph.D.

In most instances the graduate studies are not closely related to the subject matter which the student teaches or is preparing to teach; in some instances there may even be an antagonism in spirit between the life of a successful graduate student and of a successful teacher of undergraduates. It is not unusual to find a college teacher of history whose field of graduate specialization was in colonial American history, who may never have read a single book on the history of Russia or of the Orient or of Latin America. His knowledge of economics may be reminiscent of the single course taken as an undergraduate. And yet men and women with such specialized interests and limited backgrounds of study are asked to teach the history of Western civilization or contemporary civilization to freshmen. Their graduate work has not prepared them for such a normal and expected assignment in college teaching. In fact, this kind of graduate work actually may have unfitted them for this assignment.

The doctoral dissertation is frequently the final significant scholarly writing of the college teacher — if not indeed the only one. Yet his path lies through the graduate school which, unlike the undergraduate college, has the distinguishing purpose of promoting research to widen the scope and accuracy of human knowledge.

Such teachers come to their teach-

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ing after years of painstaking graduate studies which may not include a single hour of directed study in the psychology of learning, the meaning of teaching, the nature of the educative process, or, in all probability, of the primary functions of an undergraduate institution.

Only in exceptional instances do they begin their college teaching with any assured supervision. They are often entrusted with a class but without a syllabus which reveals, by implication, at least, the purpose, nature and scope of the course, and the expected attainment by the students. The novice teacher does the best he can either by doing unto his students as was done unto him, or by avoiding the practices of those who stand out in his recollection as warnings. He soon falls into a routine which seems to him the best set of adjustments he can or need make. He does his day's work in the firm belief, not without good reason, that promotion will be predicated on his scholarly achievement as evidenced by volume of publication. Often he resents the circumstances that compel him to give hours to preparation for class, to written assignments, and to conferences with students. These essential activities of a teacher make serious inroads on the time and energy he must devote to his researches and publications.

Only a small number of college teachers have either the creative ability or the call to live on the frontier of their fields of specialization. They write and work to earn the endorsement of fellow specialists. Only in exceptional cases, and here with an overtone of apology, are they judged, for promotion purposes, as teachers of youth. And even more rarely are students' judgments permitted to enter the appraisal of the college teacher as a teacher.

The time has come to dispel the dichotomy of teacher and scholar. No one can teach without a scholarship that is rich and mellow and in keeping with the best work of creative scholars. No scholar can teach effectively without a sympathetic insight and deep interest in youth, whose maturing is beset by doubts and assurances, by impatience with authority and ready acceptance of it, by excessive emotionalism and by new loyalties that seem to conflict with old ones that will not be dimmed. The scholarly person who finds youth interesting *despite* these inconsistencies may become a good teacher. He who finds youth interesting *because* of them is on the high road to becoming a great teacher. But, however genuine his interest in youth, no teacher can avoid the resounding hollowness that is the certain accompaniment of inadequate scholarship.

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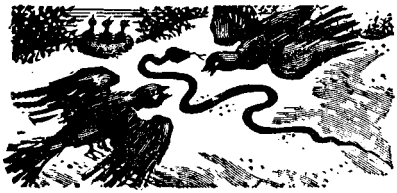
DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



SCREECH OWL

IN A dark November midnight, under the cold glittering moon of this month of frost and withering, there sounds from the blackness of the pine woods a long, low tremulous wailing. *Hoo-loo-loo-loo-loo-looooooo!* it goes, the ending of the cry dropping and dying away with an infinitely sad *diminuendo*, as if it might be the very voice of all years drawing to a close and dying, all leaves dropping from the branch, all hope gone and now only cold sleep to be awaited.

Hoo-loo-loo-loo-loo-looooooo! The shivering call floats out over the old orchards where the shrivelled windfalls lie; it sounds among the bare, crooked branches of what were a little while ago the green, sun-dappled trees; it makes its way in through countrymen's windows, now rattling with the first cold winds of pre-winter. Hearing it, people are afraid. More than afraid, they are touched with the special shiver of the *unheimlich*, the peculiar and nearly insupportable dread that is the sense of the numinous. They have been thus touched and thus fearful as far back as written history goes. In this *hoo-loo-looooing* — which may be heard at any season of the year, but is commonest in New England after the black frosts have come and the first portentous snows have drifted down — they have detected something that reminds them that they are very small, that Nature is unimaginably enormous and unknown and all-powerful, and that all enterprises come only and inevitably to death.

It is a powerful spell that is cast by this *hoo-loo-loo-looooooo*, quavering out of the black woods; so powerful that it is difficult to realize that the maker of the shivery sound is only a fat and amiable-looking little owl, no bigger than a robin, having no intention in its ear-tufted head but to utter its owlish pleasure in the darkness, the

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moonlight, and the fact of being alive among the pungent pines. The utterer of the tremulous call, so disturbing to human hearers, is the screech owl.

It is never agreeable to men to be reminded that they must die; or that they are forever and invincibly and necessarily ignorant of what Nature is all about; or that no amount of neatly charting and ticketing the facts of life can ever quite eliminate the everlasting elements of the mysterious and the incalculable. Whatever reminds men of any of these things stirs up a deep uneasiness; and where there is uneasiness, there sprouts superstition. Clouds of superstition cluster around bats, those queer skittery beings of the darkness; or around snakes, those "crawly creeples" that do not properly walk through life, but rather insinuate themselves through it, like a doubt; or, again, around the screech owl, utterer of a cry so graveyardy, so tremulous with lament and tragedy, so bespeaking a black mystery at the cold, cold heart of things. When a screech owl calls, it is widely believed, someone is going to die. When the *hoo-loo-loo-loo-loo-looooo* comes wavering and quavering out of the depths of the night, it is recommended to jump out of bed and turn over one's left shoe, or hurry and throw a piece of iron in the fire, or kneel quickly and make the sign of the cross. Dark things are abroad, and dark thoughts, and the year is dying. Bolt down the window. Check the door-chain. The power of a terrible sadness, the hint of an ultimate evil, are in that cry. Woe to us now! Repent! Pray!

Henry David Thoreau was not a fellow for throwing iron in the fire or for crossing himself. But he was susceptible, in his transcendental naturist's way, to the quality of these owlish sounds in the night. He wrote of the screech owl's cry:

> . . . doleful responses, trilled along the woodside, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds, as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. . . . They give me a new sense of the vastness and mystery of that Nature which is the common dwelling of us both. "Oh-o-o-o-o that I had never been bor-or-or-or-orn!" sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles in the restlessness of despair to some new perch in the gray oaks. Then "That I never had been bor-or-or-orn!" echoes one on the further side, with a tremulous sincerity, and "bor-or-or-orn" comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

The quality of screech owls' melancholy music is not likely ever to be better caught.

The speckle-plumaged little owl that produces all these dark sentiments and disastrous imaginings in its human

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hearers is found throughout most of eastern North America; and related varieties spread the bird's occurrence nearly world-wide. In much of New England and New York the screech owl is a permanent resident, though there is a certain amount of erratic migrating over short distances, in search of better food supply, so that in some areas, relatively owl-less in summer, there may be late autumn and early winter influxes of owls that have raised their families and summered a few miles to the north. But although — because of this, and perhaps because of a certain poetic appropriateness — screech owls may be associated with coldness and fallen leaves and the death of the year, they in fact occur in the spring and breed regularly in nearly every state from Tennessee and North Carolina northward to the Canadian border and beyond.

II

The screech owls' nesting time is most commonly late April or early May, and the place they choose is a cavity. Abandoned woodpecker holes in dead trees are frequently chosen sites; natural tree hollows are popular; occasionally screech owls may even occupy a bird-house, if the entrance hole is large enough. The hollow, of whatever sort, is casually lined with a litter of the handiest available material: bits of grass, leaves, feathers, or whatever. There are usually four or five white eggs. Sometimes only the female owl broods them during the three weeks or so of their incubation. Sometimes male and female take turns. To seek out a screech owl nest in the spring of the year is the likeliest way to get a chance of seeing a screech owl by daylight, and thus to get a good look at it; and it is to see a bird almost impossible to associate with the production of night-sweats and holy terrors.

Dozing in the sunlight on a twig near its nest-hole, a screech owl presents itself as a pudgy, fluffy-feathered little bird that looks like such an endearing owl as might be drawn in an animated cartoon. Streaked and dappled in grays and browns (there is great variation, for screech owls occur in a gray phase and a red phase), the owl has the mottled softness of a kitten. Its two little ear-tufts rise perkily above a soft-feathered face that shows an absurd little down-curved beak and two big sleepy owl-eyes blinking placidly against the sun. Upon close approach and intent scrutiny, the owl shifts and minces a little restlessly on its twig, like a caged parrot enduring the stare of a roomful of people. Get *very* close to the sun-somnolent owl, and it is likely, as if in an amiable exasperation, to become completely limp and simply pretend that it has

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died. Such is the Terror of the Night.

By night, of course, the screech owl *is* something of a terror; but to mice, grasshoppers and beetles, not to man. After the owlets have hatched, screech owls at night may swoop upon a human being who gets too near their nest, and may do what they can to buffet or rake the intruder, all to the accompaniment of an intimidating snapping of beaks; but that is the extent of screech owls' menace to humanity. (Phoebes in similar circumstances will act as fiercely; the gentlest doe rabbit can become tigerish where her young seem threatened.)

During the dark hours — those hours when the dreadful *hoo-loo-loo-loo-looooo* floats out across the frightened countryside — all that the owls are normally doing is swooping silent-winged upon the rats that frequent barnyards, pouncing on the field-mice in the meadow, snatching here a locust and there sometimes a frog. Now and again, too, during the warmer months, there is one other activity. The little owls go bathing. When the moonlight glitters in the creek, there is nothing screech owls like better than to plump themselves into the water, splashing and frolicking with the happiness of otters.

There is no probability that this setting down of the actual natural history of screech owls will lessen the number of shoe-turnings and signs-of-the-cross when next a quavery *hoo-loo-loo-loo-loo-looooo* is heard in the November night. For the little owls, after all, have qualities against which the urgings of reason cannot prevail. They are a part of the blackness; and we are afraid, for our sins, of the dark. Their plumage is equipped with special soft filaments, so that they fly with perfect soundlessness. A man with good ears can hear the wing-whirr of a robin as it passes twenty feet or more above his head, but he has no hint of the presence of an owl gliding near him in the darkness until he is brushed by its feathery wing-tip. We do not like to be surprised. The unforeseen tilts the controllable world askew. The song of screech owls has for our human ears the sound of mourning for things lost; and loss has been intolerable to us since long before Heraclitus wrung his hands because this is a universe of flux.

Screech owls will go on making us shiver. That *hoo-loo-loo-looooo* from the black November pine woods will continue to touch in us an area of ancient dread. We can but reflect, in the stout-hearted sunny noontime, how astonished the little owls would be if they could know it.

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THE STEAM-CALLIOPE MAN

BY *STEWART H. HOLBROOK*

It was probably inevitable that Patent No. 1 issued by the United States Patent Office, on that morning in 1790 when it first opened for business, would be granted to Samuel Hopkins, of Burlington, Vt., who had devised what he described as "an improved method for making pot and pearl ashes." There is no evidence that Mr. Hopkins' process brought any revolutionary change in what was then a leading industry, but the fact that a Yankee was there at the patent office, waiting for the doors to open, was indicative of the New England bent for invention. For a century afterward, Yankees were to stand in the very front rank of American inventors, both in number and in the wide influence of their work.

Natives of New England were responsible for such varied things as the electromagnetic chronograph and the square-bottomed paper bag; for the telegraph, the cotton gin, the revolver, artificial ice, barbed wire; and for ten thousand other items of gadgetry. Only a few of them ever tampered with the field of musical instruments. Of these, Jonas Chickering has been called the father of American piano making. (He was a native of New Hampshire.) And Jacob Estey, born in Hinsdale, N. H., did something for the organ by adding to it that noble tremolo stop he called the *Vox humana*, and came to manufacture as many as 1800 Estey organs a month in an attempt to supply the demand. And then, there was Joshua Stoddard's contribution to the world of music.

Stoddard was born in 1814 in small Pawlet, among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and his invention was the steam calliope, that great, sweet, lusty voice of the outdoors which, surely more than clowns or bands or spangles, removed young men from the farms and villages and put them on the road, to wander to the far ends of the United States and all the way between. No sound, perhaps, lest it be the magic voice of the locomotive — a parent of the calliope — has had an effect on the moving of in-

STEWART H. HOLBROOK, *whose latest book is* Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People, *has been a regular contributor of Americana to the* MERCURY *for almost fifteen years.*

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dividuals comparable to the urgent, promising notes of what its creator called the American Steam Piano.

Primarily, Joseph Stoddard was a bee-keeper, and a good one. Reared on his father's farm in Pawlet, he tended many hives of honey bees, and came to love the insects as other people loved dogs or cats or horses. He got a little schooling at Pawlet Academy. In young manhood he married and moved to Worcester, and there continued to keep bees and devote his spare time, in typical Yankee style, to tinkering. He wanted to "improve" the common horse-drawn hay-rake.

Stoddard was something of a poet and mystic, and it was unquestionably these qualities that took his mind off the starkly utilitarian hay-rake, for a time, and set him to work on the useless (by all Yankee standards) calliope. He read a great deal, and lived rather joyfully in constant expectation of the end of the world, the date of which he liked to calculate in the manner of Adventist William Miller and other timist theologians. Yet he took the finest care of his many bees, and their production of honey gave a decent living to the Stoddard family. This income also permitted Joshua some opportunity to work, first, on his hay-rake tinkering, and second, on the immortal instrument whose sweet voice would stem from captive steam and carry like that of Stentor.

When he started working on this idea, in the forties, the locomotive whistle was a new sound. Stoddard enjoyed hearing it. For his new machine he made fifteen whistles of graduated sizes. These he attached in a row to the top of a steam chest. There was no keyboard on the early models. Instead, Stoddard adapted the basic idea of the music box: he provided a long cylinder with pins driven into it and so placed that when revolved, the pins pressed against valve stems and thus blew whistles to play a tune. Actually, it wasn't quite as simple as that; the ingenious part of the business was the use of pins of different shapes, whereby notes of varying length, right down to eighth-notes, could be played.

Stoddard was granted a patent on October 9, 1855. On the previous Fourth of July, he gave a demonstration, with the instrument set up on Worcester Common, and his daughter Jennie turning the cylinder. The steam piano was a sensation, even though it had to compete with a battery of artillery. Later that year, the instrument again appeared in public, this time on board a flat-car of a railroad running from Worcester to Fitchburg and back. The great voice gave forth with music the like of which had never been heard before.

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People anywhere within ten miles of the tracks were astonished at the sound, and no few of them must have been charmed as well.

II

Late in 1855, Stoddard and others organized the American Steam Piano Company in Worcester and started manufacture of the instruments, "for use on steamboats and locomotives." Early in the following year, the company mounted one on a tugboat and gave a demonstration in the waters around Manhattan Island. Jonathan Day, who had quarters at the Astor House, was appointed agent. Day took space in the New York *Herald* to announce that the steam calliope — who named it that is not known — could be seen and heard at excursions on board the Steamer *Union.* Mr. Day also spoke of "the majesty of the instrument," and said that its music could be heard "for ten or twelve miles."

Mr. S. H. Townsend, operator of a small line of boats on the river, was prompt to install a calliope on his sidewheeler, the *Glen Cove;* and business was doubled the first season. An opposition boat went further, and soon a tremendous 34-whistle job, nine more notes than was usual, was tooting for the *Armenia.* But the *Armenia's* boilers were not equal to running the vessel at top speed and at the same time supplying a sufficient head of steam to the calliope. This defect appears to have been remedied by a modified steam intake. In any case, the *Armenia* continued to sing sweetly on the Hudson River run until about 1870.

Meanwhile, the calliope was getting a work-out in the West. It was first installed, on the Upper Mississippi, on the *Excelsior,* where it stimulated business for a time but was, said the *Excelsior's* captain, who didn't like it, terribly hard on light sleepers. The calliope went out of fashion on the upper river before the Civil War. It was far more successful on the Sacramento in California, where almost all the boats had one. That on the *Amador* was notable because of Professor Abe Harcourt, a true virtuoso who performed wonders at the keyboard, even dying there, of a heart attack. Harcourt became something of a legend, like the Flying Dutchman. Ghostly boats, from which emanated sweet calliope music, were seen and heard on the Sacramento for many years thereafter.

The Pasha of Egypt went so far as to have an American steam piano installed on his private yacht. Another was set up in a lighthouse on the Nova Scotia coast, the idea being that different tunes would inform passing ships of weather conditions. Only slowly did the calliope take its

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classic place in the American amusement business.

John Van Ambergh, the impresario who later teamed with Barnum, was apparently the first to use a calliope with a tent-show. Then, the Spaulding & Rogers North American Circus, operating on the Lower Mississippi from a showboat called the *Floating Palace*, set one up on deck and found it to be an immediate and astounding success. It not only fetched the customers from everywhere within ten miles of the boat, but it could drown out any number of brass bands of competitors. It was the perfect ballyhoo, and this was to be its chief purpose.

Which of the big dry-land tent shows first took up the calliope is not known, nor is it of much moment; for by the seventies, when the street parade came to flower, one and all, big and little, the outdoor shows of the United States possessed each a steam piano. In 1874, the Great Eastern Circus was featuring its Grand Steam Piano. Its circus paper on billboards showed no less than forty horses hauling a truly gigantic calliope, steam rising in clouds from the whistles, a man at the keyboard, another at the reins. Right behind was a sort of trailer on which there was a mighty steam engine, its fireman working like mad, stoking the boiler, that all the notes should be full-powered. The Great Eastern's prose spoke of the "witching music" from this instrument which, it declared, had been manufactured in Berlin, Prussia, and had first been played before His Majesty, Emperor William, and the Crown Prince. (It really had been made, says Arthur E. Yohalem, in *The Étude*, in either Evansville, Indiana, or Cincinnati, Ohio.) The Great Eastern further declared of its calliope that "no conception of its entrancing power and the beauty of its tones can be conveyed . . . they are sweeter than the music of the spheres. . . ."

And so, doubtless, they were, even though America was not just sure what to call the instrument. It was either a *cal-eye'-o-pee*, or a *cally'ope;* and some bard made use of both pronunciations in strophes written for *Reedy's Mirror:*

> Proud folk stare after me,
> Call me Calliope;
> Tooting joy, tooting hope,
> I am the Calliope.

The *cal-eye'-o-pee* pronunciation seems to have been considered the more elegant. But no matter what it was called, the invention of Joshua Stoddard had found its great work with the traveling circus, both overland (by wagon) and railroad. It evolved into a big vehicle that contained both the steam boiler and the

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piano itself. Two men rode in it, the fireman and the player, or professor. The wagon commonly had a large mirror on each side. It was wonderfully carved, with representations of aeolian harps, notes, theatre masks, and even Greek goddesses. It was painted in blinding colors, and had a plenty of gold-leaf scroll work. Its position in the street parade came to be at the very end of the line, and to Americans of at least four generations, it was the symbol of the circus.

Attempts were made to have the calliope play in concert with one of the circus bands. This proved difficult, and was finally given up because the steam heated the whistles and caused them to expand, thus distorting the notes. The calliope was strictly a solo instrument. Early this century, some person of low mind devised a compressed-air calliope, which has since been much used, though it lacks anything like the volume or sweet tone of the steam affair. The difference is much the same as that between the call of the steam locomotive and the air whistle of the diesel-electric engine. Which is to say, infinite.

The more profound professors of the steam keyboard were equal to almost any composition, and they gave out with snatches of opera of both the grand and the light variety. In time, however, tradition called for certain tunes, especially during the parade. One of the earliest in the parade canon was Stephen Foster's *The Old Folks at Home*. Another favorite was the lilting *Over the Waves*. When I first heard him, the gifted professor of steam music with Walter L. Main's Great American Circus was using the then new *Casey Jones*, a spanking fine number for the parade; and, for the so-called concert at the tent, he was giving out with the old Elizabethan air generally known as *Down in the Valley*. Both numbers were haunting on that great day, forty-odd years ago, and they haunt me still. Shame on the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, which a few years since passed a barbaric ordinance prohibiting the playing within the municipality of the instrument that was created there. . . .

III

What people called the steam piano, or where it was played, or what it played, did not matter much to Joshua Stoddard after 1860. Typically, for an inventor, he was pushed out of the American Steam Piano Company and received nothing for his work. He had learned his lesson, too; he fooled no longer with musical instruments, but resumed his labors on the hay-rake.

Stoddard's genius with gadgets must have still burned brightly, for he was granted a rake patent in 1870,

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and another in 1871. Then, without difficulty, he placed his patents with a manufacturer, and for a decade or more the rakes were made under Stoddard's name and became popular in New England and the Midwest.

This latter success encouraged the old bee-keeper. He went on to invent a fire escape. This was patented in 1884. Nothing came of it, nor from a fruit-paring machine which he patented in 1901, being then in his eighty-seventh year. But his beloved bees were faithful to the end.

Joshua Stoddard died in April, 1902, when a score or so of circuses and perhaps a hundred carnivals were taking to the road all over America. In every parade there was sure to be one of Stoddard's patent steam pianos, glittering in the bright sun of springtime, flashing gold and vermilion — sizzling, smoking, rocking, vibrating, blowing the living daylights out of *Over the Waves*, telling the villages of all the states and territories that the big show was about to begin, charming alike the city-folk and rustics — as Calliope of old, mother of Orpheus and chief of the muses, had charmed in her time. No circus was a circus without the stout, bewitching voice of the old bee-keeper of Pawlet and Worcester.

HOUSEHOLDERS

BY SJANNA SOLUM

Beware of moth and mildew in the heart,
The spider-web, completed and unbroken,
The rusted words, unwritten or unspoken,
The silt from dry emotions come apart!
Beware as well the sterile dry reverse
Which pride tends with precision, subtly blent
With an elusive, vague, fine discontent
That permeates the mind as with a curse.

All hearts that house alert emotions gain
In tenancy, while love and tears and laughter
Suffuse the room beneath each stalwart rafter
Carved from compassion. Even cryptic pain,
Or grief itself, can sweep a dusty floor
And bring an empty heart to life once more!

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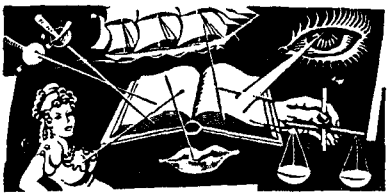

CURLEY AND THE BOSTON IRISH

by CHARLES ANGOFF

AT THE 1948 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia, James Michael Curley, four times mayor of Boston, and one of the most unpredictable and colorful politicians in American history, waited on the platform for several hours for Speaker Rayburn, the permanent chairman, to give him a few moments to make a brief speech. Probably less than a dozen of the delegates knew whether he spoke or not, and very likely all of those who cared at all sat with the Massachusetts delegation. During nearly his entire wait, he had sat on a chair well in back of the rostrum, and there had been long stretches of time when no one spoke to him. He had doubtless listened to the speeches by others with care, despite his heavy heart, for he has always admired skillful oratory and is himself still a master at it.

To add greatly to his depression of spirit, he had to listen to a flamboyant harangue by his old protégé, later turned enemy, Maurice J. Tobin, a man of modest talents, but one who had somehow managed to extricate himself from Boston politics and achieve national eminence as a member of the President's Cabinet. Curley himself had hoped to achieve Cabinet rank for many years; indeed, there had been a time when he thought he had achieved it. As a reward for his truly heroic labors for the Democratic national ticket in 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt, according to Curley, promised him the Secretaryship of the Navy. When Roosevelt couldn't keep that promise, he hinted very strongly that Curley would be Ambassador to Italy — a post that would have made it possible for him to associate intimately with the royal family, Mussolini, and even the Pope. That prospect warmed Curley's romantic Irish heart. But again President Roosevelt, still according to Curley, changed his mind, and offered him the Ambassadorship to Poland. Cur-

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ley decided he'd rather continue associating with the ward politicians of Boston than be buried in Warsaw.

That was a dreadful disappointment. Now, of course, he was finished as far as the national scene went. Maurice Tobin, who, he knew and everybody else knew, had but one tenth Curley's ability, was Secretary of Labor, the intimate of the highest leaders in the party. Well, God works in mysterious ways. . .

Several delegates and members of the press box said it was a disgrace that Curley was allowed by the National Committee to sit on the platform; Curley, they claimed, was not very much more than a jail-bird. And indeed he had just left the Danbury, Connecticut, Federal Penitentiary only by the grace of a Presidential pardon.

Is that all that can be said about Curley? Mr. Joseph F. Dinneen, a Boston reporter who has covered Curley for most of his political life, seems to think that there is a great deal more to Curley than his jail terms, and that, indeed, his record has many commendable pages. Mr. Dinneen's book [*The Purple Shamrock*. $3.75, Norton] is hardly a serious contribution to biography or political science. Besides suffering from the faults of most works by newspapermen, namely, careless and flavorless writing, comic-strip imagination, and poverty of thinking, it is in large part a whitewash of Curley. This last is rather surprising, for hitherto Mr. Dinneen has been known as a clear-headed and sharp-eyed analyst of the Boston mayor.

II

While he does not condone Curley's impersonation of a candidate for the post of mail carrier at a civil service examination in 1904, for which he was sent to jail for ninety days, he seems to look upon it as little more than a foolish bit of cheating on the part of a sentimental man who was trying to do the right thing by an industrious ward-heeler of limited intelligence who had earned a reward. He points with apparent approval to Speaker Champ Clark's refusal to allow the Federal House of Representatives to consider a motion to unseat the newly elected Congressman Curley for his aforementioned conviction of a felony, and in further extenuation of his conviction, he says that Champ Clark was so little troubled by the jail record that he made Curley his campaign manager in New England when he was trying to get the Democratic nomination for President in 1912. Mr. Dinneen does not seem to realize that these facts do not clear Curley; they merely reflect upon the memory of Speaker Clark.

Mr. Dinneen is also strangely chari-

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table in his interpretation of the insurance case involving Boston finances wherein a state judge held that Curley had improperly obtained $30,000 and ordered him to return the money, plus interests and costs to the city, or go to jail. He makes a good deal of the fact that the beneficiaries of Curley's political activities helped him to pay back the money, as if to show that the people loved him, but he offers no solid evidence to disprove the judge's decision.

Mr. Dinneen displays the strangest sort of political innocence in his reporting of the Engineers' Group, Inc., case, involving the use of the mails to defraud, which ended in a conviction for Curley and a sentence of six to eighteen months in the Federal penitentiary in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1947. He says that there is no evidence that Curley made any money in the gold-brick operation of the phony corporation (which hoped to get fees for obtaining government contracts for certain businesses), that he never signed any mail, that he was not consulted, that he merely permitted the use of his name as an officer, that others connected with the outfit were not sued and that the only reason for the suit was that the country at the time was disgusted with the Pendergast revelations and wanted some action in obtaining votes. He is no woman-dive—a good way to change the...t." The claim that Curley, who...ndling of Boston's finances has...fied even the astute Finance Co...ion, had no idea of what the Er...s' Group was up to must be...d as fantastic. That the case w... as a "diversion" may have s...uth in it, but the implication t...s "diversion" was virtually all ...as to the case will add little ... Dinneen's reportorial repu-

deficient as Mr. Dinneen's book nany respects, it contains some nating information about a man has great political and psygical fascination and importance. ...e is as great variation among ...ical bosses as there is among ... groups of human beings. Tweed, ...np, Hague, Lomasney, Vare, and ...dergast have all been interesting ...res, but James Michael Curley ...easily been more extraordinary ... any of them. He is probably ...thest removed from the political ...ss of legend. While he was not ...erse to having a party hack, and ...obably a Catholic, too, burn a ...ry cross near a corner where he was ...elivering a campaign speech, in or...er to raise the false issue of the Ku ...lux Klan in Massachusetts politics, ...e has never been accused of practic... downright gangsterish methods ...in obtaining votes. He is no woman-

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chaser or devotee of the able or ball park, or loud-mouthinker; on the contrary, his perlife is immaculate, and he has liking for sports of any kind. I not a social mixer. He dislikes out, and between campaigns s most of his evenings at home. I not listen very carefully to w liticians. He seldom consults As he has repeatedly said, he one wolf.

Unlike most bosses, Curl ry well read in several of the nd sciences, and when he q he classics, he generally relies is personal reading rather th n the research of a ghost. T a highly self-conscious Irishma a Catholic in good standing, he t hesitated to run violently co the wishes of the majority of I and the silent desires of the In 1932, for example, when s of the Irish Catholics were that Al Smith would again be nated for President by the cratic party, Curley came o Franklin Delano Roosevelt, an result was snubbed by life-long f and even failed to win a place Massachusetts delegation t Democratic convention in Chic

He is not merely a political m ulator, burning with a lust for p He is more than a man of great sonal magnetism, and a truly great tor. He is an administrator of very great ability, and were it not for certain very undesirable political characteristics, he might well have achieved a place among the most memorable mayors in American history. Finally, while very shrewd most of the time as a judge of men, he appears to be pretty much of an idiot in the presence of a gold-brick salesman. All his life he has dreamt of becoming rich overnight, and as a result he has invested, sometimes heavily, in nonexistent oil wells, quicksilver mines, and bizarre inventions.

III

Though he has been a member of Congress three times and Governor of Massachusetts once, he has achieved such fame and notoriety as he has won during his four terms as mayor of Boston. Strange as it may seem, he has on several occasions, especially in his first administration, won the high praise of banking and business groups and of the Good Government Association, and of most of the newspapers of the city. He entered City Hall with the promise that he would "throw the rascals out," and he did. The "better elements" also applauded him when he told them that the city needed more and better hospitals, playgrounds, parks, beaches, and schools. But they complained when he told them that to do all

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these things required additional revenue, which meant raising the tax rate.

His administration passed the necessary legislation for the increase in taxes, but Curley soon discovered, as he was to discover many times later on, that the banks were reluctant to give the city the money. Whereupon he decided upon strong-arm methods; he inaugurated what can well be called a form of political banditry unique in the history of Boston, and perhaps in all other cities in the United States. Apparently, he is still proud of the manner in which he got the money, for he seems to have supplied Mr. Dinneen with many of the details. In his second administration, for example, he found that the city treasury was low in funds needed for necessary municipal improvements. The banks would not supply the needed money, so he called up the president of one bank, and said to him: "Listen, there's a water main with the floodgates right under your building. If you don't know where it is, your architect can tell you. You'd better get that money up by three o'clock this afternoon, or those gates will be opened, pouring thousands of gallons of water right into your vaults." The president of the bank had the money in City Hall on time.

Another time, Curley needed money to meet the city payrolls. Once more, he called on the same bank president for a loan, pledging uncollected taxes as security. The bank president again said no, because he didn't like some of Curley's building program. Whereupon Curley said to him, "You'd better get that money up. That water gate is still there, but before I come to that I have a better idea. I'll have six hundred city employees lined up outside your bank tomorrow with checks for their salaries. That will make a line about a mile long; and I'll advise all of the city contractors who have accounts in your bank to be in that line, too, with any of their employees who have money on deposit to transfer their accounts to other banks. You don't want a run on your bank, do you?"

The bank president thought better of his refusal and delivered the money. But he still thought he could buck Curley, for a bit later, when Curley asked him for another loan to meet a payroll, he said no for a third time. This time Curley decided to become personal. He said to the recalcitrant banker, "I have a nice picture of you, and I have a good picture of that beautiful estate you have in the country. If I don't get the money to meet the payroll, I am going to print those pictures. Under your picture I'll have a caption, 'This is the man who is responsible for payless paydays for city em-

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ployees'; and under the picture of your beautiful house will be the caption: 'This is where he lives.' When a man gets hungry, he's likely to do something desperate. I'd keep away from that house if I were you." The city employees were paid.

Curley probably didn't have the slightest qualms about this high-handed procedure, for he seems to be a man who leaves a good deal of his moral sense at home every morning. Sometimes, it must be said, he employs more respectable methods to get money for municipal purposes. If he cannot get at a man by threatening to flood his cellar with water or to maneuver a run on his bank, he attempts to shame and badger him into giving the city the money outright. Curley thought the city needed seven new health units for each of the city's congested areas, but the state legislature prevented him from borrowing any more. So he sent his assessors hunting through the city records to find out who the biggest taxpayers were. They came up with the information that the biggest taxpayer in Boston was George Robert White, whose real estate holdings amounted to $5,500,000. Curley called him for an appointment, but White did not care to see him. When he learned that White had lunch every day at the Copley Plaza, he went there, and said to him, according to Mr. Dinneen, "I want you to give me the money to finance those health units."

White wanted to know why he should. Curley replied that he wanted the entire sum, $5,500,000, as an outright gift to the city. "You've got more money now than you know what to do with. You can't take it with you. Wouldn't you like to be remembered as a man who did something spectacular for the health of the people of the city? I'll chisel your name in granite all over them."

Again White said no, but Curley kept on hounding him for weeks and weeks, until he finally decided that his efforts were in vain. When White died, however, while Curley was in office, he left $5,500,000 to the city to be used for the erection of the health units.

IV

Did all the money Curley got while at City Hall go for the purposes stated publicly by him? It has been revealed that some of his friends and lieutenants, including a high city official, got away with large amounts of money. As for Curley himself, he has maintained that he has been scrupulously honest with public monies. No tin-boxes have been discovered. If he ever had enormous funds, as some people believe, only God and he know what has become of them. He

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has been in hock many times and has frequently mortgaged his home in Jamaicaway, and he has been seen, when out of office, wandering about the streets in the bitter Boston winter in a threadbare overcoat. Not that his friends would not have helped him, but there is a monastic streak in him that keeps him from seeking help and from being very friendly with many people and that drives him, apparently, to find a strange pleasure in misery.

All his life he has been tossed between a desire to live by himself on short rations and a desire to be a politically powerful and a very rich man. Even as a young man he seldom participated in games with his friends, but held himself aloof. The stark poverty of his boyhood undoubtedly had a good deal to do with his lifelong eagerness to make money quickly. His father, who made a precarious living as a hod-carrier, died young, leaving a wife and two young children. Curley's mother became a scrubwoman, and her two young sons earned whatever they could as grocery clerks, errand boys, and newsboys. He learned all about hunger very early, and he also learned pity, for the sight of his mother on sloppy office floors burned deeply into his soul, and there was never enough that he could do for the scrubwomen in City Hall or in the State House.

But one thing he seems never to have developed, namely, a mature sense of values. Too often, the end justifies the means for him. "Public service," he has said, "is my business." And he has displayed admirable administrative talent for public service, but along with it he has on several occasions displayed a brand of public morals that has left much to be desired.

Is it a reflection upon the people of Boston that they have chosen him mayor four times? Is it, in particular, a reflection upon the Irish Catholics, who comprise about 75 per cent of Boston's population? The answer, one fears, has to be yes and no. The Irish Catholics had given Boston one superb mayor, Patrick A. Collins, and one able one, John F. Fitzgerald, and surely there were Irishmen more nearly approaching these two in ability and character than Curley in the past thirty-five years. On the other hand, it is difficult to blame the Irish too much. Their parents and grandparents had been treated like scum by the Proper Bostonians, who refused to offer them any jobs save those of subway diggers, hod-carriers, maidservants, and the like. Less than fifty years ago there were signs on factories and shops, telling all that "No Irish Need Apply." The Better Classes refused to do very much for them on the ground that such aid

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would soften the moral fibre of the new immigrants, and that it would be best to allow them to help themselves — even while their children fell off roofs, were trampled by horses, and died of tuberculosis, diphtheria and other diseases caused by poor sanitation and undernourishment.

As the ratio of the Irish to the total population increased from one fiftieth in 1847 to one sixth ten years later, and to about one half at the turn of the century, the Irish naturally got together, by means of the ballot, to do for themselves what the Yankees had failed to do. In 1885 they elected their first mayor in Hugh O'Brien, and since then nearly all the mayors have been Irishmen or have owed their election to the Irish vote. There have doubtless been many decent, honest, intelligent Irish people who were embarrassed by the awkward and often illegal and even felonious activities of their elected representatives, but the persistent indifference of the Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street folk left them little choice. Irish politicians at least built hospitals for the poor, they built schools, they constructed beaches and parks and playgrounds. Curley thus has obtained many of his votes by default. Some Irish Catholics occasionally tried to do right by their consciences, but they were badly burned. In 1917, a large number of them voted for Andrew J. Peters, a wealthy Protestant Yankee, but his administration turned out to be one of the most incompetent and graft-ridden in Boston's history.

The Boston newspapers, with the exception of the *Christian Science Monitor*, which is more an international than a local paper, have been of little help in the Boston mess. Mr. Dinneen claims that they have repeatedly printed stories that, in other cities, would have won them Pulitzer Prizes. Actually, the Boston newspapers are among the greatest shames of that sad city. They have revealed very little crusading spirit. At least two of them, and they are among the wealthiest, oldest, and most widely read, have practiced an Olympian impartiality in all political affairs, preferring to devote most of their space to the social affairs of the numerous suburbs. A third paper has treated Curley gingerly for years for fear of offending the Catholic Church. Two other papers, while a bit more mature in their coverage of local, national and international news, are more interested in getting a Republican into the mayor's office than in getting rid of corruption and installing an honest, capable man, regardless of party. The rest of the papers specialize in printing stories of sex murders and sports news. Per-

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haps the most over-papered city in the country, it yet hasn't a single newspaper that commands the full respect of intelligent people.

V

But there is a change going on in Boston that in the near future will accrue to the benefit of that woebegone metropolis. As more and more of the Irish have extricated themselves culturally and financially from the lower classes and mixed more with Yankees, they have found that the Yankees were not all stuffed shirts and that decent people of all religions and origins have a lot to win by amalgamating their forces. The Yankees, for their part, have at long last learned that snobbishness is a form of moral and political irresponsibility, and that helping one's neighbors is even better Americanism than telling them to fend for themselves.

When, in 1938, the liberal Republican, Leverett Saltonstall, praising Franklin D. Roosevelt as "our great President," dared to invade South Boston, heavily populated by Irish, both of them discovered something: Saltonstall, that the Irish were good people, and the Irish, that Saltonstall was really a good man. They began to call him "Salty," and they elected him as their Governor in preference to James Michael Curley. Further, the Catholic Hierarchy, which under the unenlightened administration of the late Cardinal O'Connell tolerated America Firsters and fulminated against short sleeves on women but was discreetly silent about political corruption, now seems to agree with the new attitude of the intelligent Catholics in its midst.

Curleyism, of course, is not yet dead. So grave a systemic disorder in the body politic of Boston needs prolonged and persistent treatment. One hopes, however, that the treatment — the union of Irish and Yankee forces devoted to decent government — will hasten the day when Boston will cease being a synonym for disgraceful municipal government.

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THE CHECK LIST

CRITICISM

WILLA CATHER ON WRITING, with a foreword by Stephen Tennant. $2.25. *Knopf.* A superb collection of literary criticism by one of the truly great fiction writers in American literary history. Some of these essays have previously appeared in Miss Cather's *Not Under Forty*, some have been published as prefaces to other people's work or in magazines, and there is one unpublished fragment on the art of writing. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the sheer excellence of the various chapters. Whether she is singing hymns to the work of Sarah Orne Jewett, or analyzing the stories of Katherine Mansfield, or criticizing Defoe's *The Fortunate Mistress*, she always writes with great force, tremendous clarity, unimpeachable integrity, and dazzling insight. She knew the difference between vulgarity in fiction and honesty; she knew the difference between journalism and literature; and she knew the difference between shabby and cheap writing and the writing that springs from the heart and soul of the wholly dedicated literary artist. No writer, new or old, recognized or not, can afford to be without this rare book. The foreword by Mr. Tennant is worthless.

THE TRYING-OUT OF MOBY-DICK, by Howard P. Vincent. $5.00. *Houghton Mifflin.* This huge volume delves into the origins of Melville's masterpiece, which Dr. Vincent calls "rich and complex above any other novel in American literature," and which "brings into magnificent focus the emergent forces of the Western world." He points out precisely where Melville got his information about whaling — more, it appears, from books than from his own experience, as had hitherto been thought — and shows what he did to the raw information. Parallel passages from a source book and Melville's rendition beautifully reveal his creative processes. Altogether an absorbing piece of literary detective work. There are several illustrations and a brief index.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF G.B.S., edited by Stephen Winsten. $3.75. *Creative Age.* No one can say of Bernard Shaw that he has the modest cough of a minor poet. In his own succinct words,

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"I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterward." Here, distilled by a lifelong friend, is the acid essence of his wit and wisdom. Without accepting him at his own estimation as a 'natural-born mountebank," this over-all look at Shaw does make it possible to observe how the iconoclast has evolved into the Touchstone.

FICTION

THE EGYPTIAN, by Mika Waltari. $3.75. *Putnam.* The immense success of this novel in Europe, where it was a best-seller in six languages, proves that literary standards on the continent are at least no higher than in this country. The story, which revolves about the exploits of a peripatetic Egyptian doctor of the fourteenth century B.C., has the usual ingredients of popular historical fiction: pageantry takes the place of genuine atmosphere, sexual adventures are substituted for characterization, and there are no psychological or historical insights that a tabloid reader would have trouble grappling with.

THE LONG LOVE, by John Sedges. $3.00. *John Day.* The story of a "true love" that triumphantly weathered stresses and strains for forty years. A story, in short, which shows newlyweds how to attain that "oneness" achieved by Edward Haslatt and his wife in their little Massachusetts town. Some readers will doubtless be surprised by the author's feminine treatment of a feminine theme or by the vaguely familiar style. They owe their puzzlement to the fact that they know John Sedges rather better by "his" real name of Pearl Buck.

BIOGRAPHY

GENIUS AND THE MOBOCRACY, by Frank Lloyd Wright. $5.00. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* Here Mr. Wright, one of the greatest living architects of the world, offers a rhapsodic tribute to the memory of Louis H. Sullivan, whose friend and associate he was and whom he calls "Master" and "our great native genius." Mr. Wright also has severe things to say about much of modern architecture. The only answer to the present architectural mess, he says, is "organic architecture . . . organic building," which "is natural building: construction proceeding harmoniously from the nature of a planned or organized inside outward to a consistent outside." About half the book is given over to reproductions of magnificent drawings by Sullivan.

MYSTIC REBELS, by Harry C. Schnur. $3.50. *Beechhurst.* Four excellent biographical-critical studies of four rebel prophets, who led fascinating lives and wielded great influence in the history of Christianity and Judaism: Apollonius Tyaneus, the "pagan saint," whose "miracles," it is said, rivaled those of Jesus; Jan van Leyden, leader of the Anabaptists, and a curse word among both the Catholics and Lutherans; Cagliostro, master of magic and spiritualism; and Sabbetai Zvi, who claimed to be the messiah of the Jews. Dr. Schnur clearly knows his subject, and while he does not aim for popular acclaim, his

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book can easily be followed by the general reader.

THE ARTS

NOTES ON CHOPIN, by André Gide. $3.75. *Philosophical Library.* A life-long admirer of the work of Chopin, M. Gide had planned a book on him as far back as 1892, but this apparently is his first extended work on him. It is very short and not very important — more than half of the present volume is filled out with musical remarks from some of Gide's other writings. He thinks that Chopin was a genuine musical artist, as distinguished from a poet. Chopin hardly ever employed oratory or any other vulgar ornamentation; he "proposes, supposes, insinuates, seduces, persuades; he almost never asserts."

ARCHITECTURE AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN, by Joseph Hudnut. $4.50. *Harvard.* Professor Hudnut's lively, provocative *dicta* on architecture do much to make its mysteries intelligible to the layman. An architect of pronounced likes and dislikes himself, he praises and blames with equal vigor, and always in forthright prose. Thus he will deplore the work of designers who "speak Greek without understanding it," or praise Rockefeller Center as one of the few skyscraper schemes "clearly relevant to the future." Professor Hudnut's own *credo* is clear: he subscribes to the belief Louis Sullivan uttered half a century ago that "form follows function," and regrets that this enduring principle is so inadequately applied either here or abroad. A mature, stimulating book.

MISCELLANEOUS

AGAIN THE GOOSE STEP, by Delbert Clark. $3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill.* Mr. Clark, a former New York *Times* correspondent in Berlin, burns with righteous anger because we have tossed away the fruits of victory in Germany. We have abandoned, he declares bitterly, our vital program of Three Ds — Demilitarization, Denazification, Democratization — and are now relying on frock-coated *fuehrers*-in-training as a Siegfried Line against Communism. Admittedly, the Western powers have failed to follow their own blueprint in rebuilding the Reich, but the builders ran into problems (notably the Kremlin) the architects never anticipated. Mr. Clark's case would sound a good deal more convincing if he stated it less stridently.

ATLANTIS, by Ignatius Donnelly, edited by Egerton Sykes. $4.50. *Harper.* Probably not one American in a thousand has ever heard of Ignatius Donnelly, the Midwesterner who was the founder of Atlantology. It was this book, first published in 1882, that sought to establish "scientifically" that an antediluvian island continent once existed where the Atlantic now is. Since that time, it is surprising to discover, a corpus of some 5000 books in many languages has arisen on the subject. This new edition of the *fons et origo*, updated by a devoted British disciple, cannot fail to impress the reader with its plausible data, its fascinating *minutiae* — and its faintly crackbrained theorizing.

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THE OPEN FORUM

PROTESTANTS, CATHOLICS AND ATHEISTS

We have received a tremendous number of letters as a result of the two lead articles in the September issue — "Protestant Concern over Catholicism," by the Rev. W. Russell Bowie, and "The Catholic Position — A Reply," by Father John Courtney Murray, S.J. — and they are still pouring in by every mail. We are, therefore, doing an unprecedented thing, devoting the entire "Open Forum" this month to these letters. Naturally, we can print only a few of them, but the selections we have made are representative of the lot. Toward the end of the "Open Forum" this month are over-all comments on them by both Dr. Bowie and Father Murray. We shall print more of the letters in the next issue. — THE EDITORS

SIR: I congratulate you on your courage in tackling the religious question. Most papers and magazines brush it off.

As with all controversies, there is truth on both sides. . . .

Maybe we could do without all religions.

MRS. WILLIAM LEAKE

Frank P. O., Pa.

SIR: Thank you for printing the two articles on Protestant-Catholic differences in your September issue. Such discussions never settle anything, but they are always excellent reading.

I have only one criticism. Couldn't you have found a Catholic spokesman who would at least try to meet the Protestant allegations head-on? There is no denying that Dr. Bowie said exactly what a great many of us are thinking. I have always wondered what the Catholic answer might be. Father Murray leaves me still wondering. With one or two rather feeble exceptions, his argument seems to me to be merely, "Nonsense! Bigotry! I haven't space enough to argue the whole issue here!" Are we to understand that the Roman Catholic Church has only that to say in reply to our charges? . . .

REV. HUGO W. SCHROEDER

Baltimore, Md.

SIR: . . . An argument, a debate, a fuss, a fight, has never settled anything really. Deep in his heart, each debator or

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antagonist still holds firmly to his belief about the disputed matter.

But — I think it is a very good thing that THE AMERICAN MERCURY chooses to publish such articles. It proves to me that your magazine is practicing the essence of the "free press" — being dictated to and run by no one.

FRANKIE LANE

Lufkin, Tex.

SIR: The religious and civil liberties which, Dean Bowie claims, are the glory of Protestant countries, in reality have little to do with Protestantism. History relates how the early settlers came to the thirteen American colonies to escape religious persecution by the established Protestant State churches in England, Scandinavia, and Germany. (Remember the Pilgrims?) . . .

F. J. MORRIS

Halifax, N. S., Canada

SIR: I read with a great deal of regret Dr. W. Russell Bowie's article, "Protestant Concern over Catholicism."

Nothing that one can say or write can ever root out intolerance or prejudice. The only thing one can do is to plead that all people of good-will, Catholic or Protestant, pray together that this era will not be with us long. In an age of hate, the result of prayer of people of good-will cannot but ameliorate the awful result of that hate.

We are all brothers. Wouldn't it be better if we acted as such?

WILFRED LAURIER MORIN

Delmar, N. Y.

SIR: . . . The Catholics have at least been in harmony with the idea that if you were a good Catholic and fulfilled all the Church obligations, you could raise blazes out of Church hours.

The Protestant governing idea is, absolutely no fun except in heaven.

A. L. PUTNAM

Eureka, Cal.

SIR: I do believe the Rev. John Courtney Murray, S.J., could explain the flatness of the earth in a thousand pages.

C. DOUGLAS SAGER

Washington, D. C.

SIR: This is just to tell you that I've enjoyed reading the two articles. . . . Though I have been raised a Catholic, in the Church and in Catholic parochial schools, I am afraid I must admit that Dean Bowie's article is an outstanding one and is more than true. My verdict, after reading both comments, rests with his side of the issue. The Catholic Church can do anything it wants to, as far as I'm concerned; it can "excommunicate" me or declare anything it wishes with the realization that I shall remain firm in my convictions regardless. . . .

I wish to commend your magazine . . . for its courage in presenting these discussions to the public. . . .

PAUL D. GILBERT

Brighton, Col.

SIR: Praises be unto thee for your handling of the Protestant-Catholic discussion in your September issue. You couldn't have selected two more quali-

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fied, experienced men to debate this subject.

Rev. Bowie's article gives a complete . . . coverage of the Protestant side of the question. His presentation is well balanced with historical and canonical facts to support his "concern."

Facing these facts, Rev. Murray must resort to the usual pattern of defense — that of using everything but facts. He assails not the content of the opposition's thesis, but the author himself, the outline of the thesis, and all of the non-Catholic sources quoted. . . . He could, and does, deftly and easily show that true is false, black is white, and facts are unfactual. He will feel perfectly at home in "1984" when he sees those slogans: "War Is Peace," "Freedom Is Slavery," and "Ignorance Is Strength." . . .

DONALD PEMBERTON

Troy, O.

SIR: . . . As an atheist, I feel that both authors should be complimented on the way they have presented their attitudes on the social significance of Roman Catholicism. Naturally, I cannot help but feel that both are wrong, yet they both do justice to the causes they represent.

If Rev. Bowie's thesis is supposed to imply that only Roman Catholicism is a threat to freedom of worship and belief for free men, he is an acutely bad student of both human nature and Protestant, Moslem, and Judaic history. The simple truth is that the theoretical forerunners of the good doctor, such as John Calvin, Henry VIII, the Puritans, Martin Luther and his followers, the present-day revivalists, and, I must confess, atheists and agnostics as well, have given plentiful examples of lack of real tolerance. . . .

LOUIS H. J. WELCH

Rockland, Me.

SIR: I want to congratulate you for publishing and the Rev. W. Russell Bowie for writing a most excellent article. . . . You have rendered a great service to our country by exposing the danger from the right. Too many people are solely concerned with the danger from the left — forgetting that the Catholic Church is also a totalitarian organization and that the Hierarchy members are really agents of a foreign dictator just as much as the Communists. . . .

I was born in Spain and studied for the priesthood. When I was in school, I was taught to hate the Jews and the Protestants, just like millions of Spanish children. When I came to America in 1912, I was surprised to see that the Jews and Protestants did not have horns and that they looked like me. . . .

M. NOVELLA

Miami, Fla.

SIR: Had Father Murray, of Maryland, been a regular reader of the New York *Times*, he could have answered Dr. Bowie's statement about "the powerful pressure exerted by Roman Catholic influences" in the case of the refusal of the New York schools to continue to

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subscribe to the *Nation*, by simply saying it was not true. Dr. Jansen, the Superintendent of Schools, twice stated in the *Times* when the controversy was raging that no suggestion came from Catholic sources, and that the only pressure came from those who objected to the dropping of the *Nation*. In spite of these denials, this false statement is still being repeated by influential (and doubtless honest) people who were misled by the *Nation's* original campaign.

Three small points in regard to the use of language, which Father Murray did not take space to mention, may interest readers of the MERCURY. On these there can be no informed difference of opinion. (1) The Catholic Church is not totalitarian; it may be called authoritarian, but these words are not synonyms. (2) The remarks of an individual Catholic, either clergyman or layman, on most subjects (political, economic, international, educational, etc.) should not be labeled *the* Catholic position, because there is no single Catholic position on such subjects. Even on a subject on which there happens to be *a Catholic* position, it may not be adequately expressed by the inept remarks of anyone who may be accepted as a Catholic spokesman. (3) The word *imprimatur* on a book does not mean that everything in the book (or, in strict fact, that anything in the book) is *Catholic doctrine* or something that all Catholics do or should believe. All commentators on Catholicism, as Dr. Bowie and Mr. Blanshard — particularly Mr. Blanshard — should look up the significance of this word as it is used in the Catholic Church. Permission to print in the Church, as in the U. S. Army, does not mean that all Catholics (or all soldiers) are bound to believe what is printed.

J. M. O'NEILL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I congratulate the MERCURY on having the guts to print Dr. Bowie's article and Father Murray's so-called reply. Father Murray follows the usual cavalier, supercilious, haughty, disdainful, swear technique. . . . I trust your magazine will not be subjected to a barrage of intimidation for daring to print Dr. Bowie's article.

REV. H. ROSS GREER

South Orange, N. J.

SIR: I read the articles . . . with great interest. I believe that Rev. Murray was right when he said that all of the present tension is due to the "refusal of the Church to recognize the equality of the churches."

However, the Rev. Murray fails to see clearly *why* this bothers the Protestant. It is not wounded pride that bothers the Protestant, as he seems to think. The Catholic Church may claim, say, or do anything she pleases as long as she will allow us to practice our religion without interference. We are afraid of losing our religious liberty *as we have it today*, should the Church with the above attitude become the master. . . . Should the Catholic Church gain the upper hand, it will claim religious lib-

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erty only for the *truth*, which she alone claims to possess. As the Catholic Church loves the "truth," she hates error. And since all those outside of the Church are "in error," they are bound to feel that hate. . . .

REV. WALTER LITKE

Albany, N. Y.

SIR: A thousand pities that John Courtney Murray, S.J., evaded the issues in his reply to Dr. Bowie.

EDWARD G. FRITON

New York City

SIR: In bringing the "Protestant-Catholic feud" out into the open, the MERCURY has done another great American service! However, I'd like to see the discussion reopened by writers like Harry E. Fosdick and Msgr. Fulton Sheen, who really speak for the rank-and-file on both sides. . . .

D. WATERMAN

Melrose, Mass.

SIR: Congratulations on your articles by the Rev. Bowie and Father Murray on the Catholic-Protestant tension. You have done America a signal service in lancing this boil, which could so easily turn into a cancer.

As a Catholic, permit me to clarify a few ideas and principles prior to the consideration of religious freedom.

First of all, the Rev. Bowie seems to believe that a Catholic is obligated to approve of all the policies, instructions and actions of a bishop. This is not so. For Catholics, as for all others, the actions of a superior, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, must conform to the moral law. With Catholics, as with Protestants, the individual conscience is supreme. If a Catholic were to follow the instructions of a priest or bishop, when he had decided (after mature deliberation and study of Catholic doctrine and moral theology) that such instruction or policy did not conform to morality, he would be guilty of mortal sin. . . . Of course, such a practice would not be applicable to an Article of Faith, or dogma taught by the Pope *ex cathedra* to be held by the whole Church. . . .

Where does the Rev. Bowie get the idea that freedom of religion is the monopoly of Protestant nations? Ireland, Poland, France, Czechoslovakia, Uruguay, Costa Rica, Colombia and Brazil, all have laws protecting the free exercise of religion. In Ireland, Protestant schools are supported by the State. . . .

GARLAND HILL

Lowell, Mass.

SIR: . . . I tend to be more sympathetic with the view expressed by the Rev. Bowie only because the type of Protestantism he represents is generally less authoritarian and dogmatic than the position held by the medievalistic Roman Catholic Church. But why can't the assignment go to such a man, say, as Harry A. Overstreet, whose only "vested interest" seems to be to aid the maturing of human beings? . . .

ARNOLD W. RYAN

Evanston, Ill.

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SIR: My compliments to you for your courageous stand in printing the article by Rev. Bowie. Too many newspapers and other publications which zealously defend freedom of the Press under our Constitution and Bill of Rights nevertheless tacitly accept censorship by the Catholic Hierarchy as to what is fit to print. . . .

Judged impartially, Dr. Bowie makes out a good case, well substantiated by quotations from historical records and current events. Rev. Murray does not refute the records presented by Dr. Bowie, but instead resorts to sophistry and rhetoric to expound and defend his side. . . .

JULIUS MARCUS

Alhambra, Cal.

SIR: Ugh! Bowie and Murray! Surely you can see their colossal confusion of the orders of abstraction! Or can you? Has Korzybski's *Science and Sanity* been out these over fifteen years and Bowie and Murray have refused to read it? No wonder they are so tangled! Or is this part of a build-up which you are helping promote for the purpose of beclouding some future political issue?

LLOYD HAGEMAN

Gravett, Ark.

A STATEMENT BY REV. BOWIE

SIR: The editor of the MERCURY has requested that I write a "comment of 500 words in length." I shall not need as many words as that, although I note with interest that Father Murray in his "Reply" in the September MERCURY felt that "one cannot do anything in a page," that "it would take five pages," or even "a three volume work" to build up his argument to a point at which he might have been less uneasily conscious of its thinness.

I have reason to know that a good many people, including members of his own church, were surprised and disturbed at the tone which Father Murray chose to adopt. Language which attempts to be supercilious hardly does credit to the user of it, and its effect is simply to indicate that the writer is trying to divert attention from the lack of substance in what he has to say.

Father Murray had in his hands before he wrote his "Reply" the full text of my article on "Protestant Concern over Roman Catholicism," from which fact the reader can judge the amount of genuineness in his opening assertion that he could have outlined in advance what would be said. As to his "Reply," of which I had no knowledge until it appeared in print, it might have seemed that his one-sided advantage would have enabled him to present a case which would call for serious rebuttal. I do not think it does. I shall be quite content if any reader will turn back to my own article and the facts adduced there, and judge for himself whether Father Murray has answered them or evaded them. The one clear fact which does emerge from his words is the admission that the Roman Catholic Church makes the totalitarian claim to be the only church of Christ; and the arrogant corollaries in the whole field of public affairs which

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have flowed and do flow from that have been already pointed out.

W. RUSSELL BOWIE

New York City

A STATEMENT BY FR. MURRAY

SIR: In reply to your request for an "over-all comment" on the 52 letters you sent me, let me make four points.

First, controversy is a dreary business and (as several correspondents remarked) largely a profitless one; I had thought to maintain a certain lightness of tone. It was therefore disconcerting to learn that I had been supercilious, sarcastic, arrogant, slippery, disparaging, cavalier, haughty, disdainful, glib, cocksure, tricky, contemptuous, smug (these are some of the epithets with which your correspondents adorn me). Apparently my attempt at lightness misfired rather badly. Only one correspondent seems dimly to have glimpsed the point, when he "wondered" whether my piece "was intended as a rare bit of exceedingly dry humor or . . . as a serious-minded statement." Actually, the whole subject — like life itself — is much too serious to be taken too seriously.

Secondly, I frankly could not manage to take too seriously Dr. Bowie's thesis of "the Catholic peril." I suggested, and am prepared to maintain, that Protestants take it so seriously because of the "anti-Roman bias" inherent in their position. I cannot match their seriousness for a reason suggested in one or other way in the fifteen letters from atheists or secularists. They say in effect, "A plague on both your houses! The future of America belongs to us." One of them asserts that "the influence of American clergymen (he means both Protestant and Catholic) has sunk almost to the level of astrologers and chiropractors." The contemptuous exaggeration serves to emphasize the core of sobering truth in the statement. The peril of "a Catholic America" is a chimera; the real peril is other.

Were I to identify it, I should point of course to Mr. Blanshard. His name, as he himself knows, is Legion; and his creed, as he likewise knows, is shared by millions of Americans. He and they are significant, not because of what they are against (the Catholic Church) but because of what they are for. I have elsewhere called it the "New Nativism." Men more learned than Blanshard have given it a philosophical armature which they call evolutionary scientific humanism. Other men more practical than he are endeavoring to give it political expression in what I should call "our Holy Mother the State," almighty (by democratic means, of course), creator of all things visible and invisible, even the dignity of man. Here, I think, is the enemy, all the more dangerous because it comes bringing gifts — gifts that are doubly "Greek." In the presence of this enemy I consider (as I said and still maintain) Catholic-Protestant polemic to be an irrelevance. And this perhaps is why there appeared in my article a note of impatience — a refusal to take the Protestant polemic as seriously as it takes itself. This is not to say that I do not take seriously the dynamism of the

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polemic — the pervading fear of Catholicism which, my Protestant friends tell me, has gripped the Protestant community. However, here one is dealing with an emotion, not an argument; the problem is not refutation but exorcism. And despite a concern about it, I confess myself at a loss.

Thirdly, the only troubling accusation is that of having been evasive (sophistry and Jesuitical casuistry, some called it), because I said that in the space allotted I could not argue the issue. However, I can only repeat this statement. On the matter of Catholic doctrine with regard to Church-State relationships I flatly refuse to be what is called "simple," because the subject, historically and doctrinally, is enormously complex. Padre Cavalli was "simple" in the article cited by Dr. Bowie; I reject his theory of "unblushing intolerance" as a ruthless simplification that distorts the truth by ignoring the whole political dimension of the problem. Other Catholic polemists are "simple" when they seem to assert that the whole issue is settled by the axiom, "Error has no rights." I reject this false simplicity; the axiom is at best politically inoperative (it settles nothing about governmental repression of error) and at worst ethically meaningless (it merely asserts that error is error). I likewise reject all simplistic interpretations, whether Catholic or Protestant, of the Syllabus of Errors, which is a notoriously difficult document, and of the utterances of Leo XIII, whose doctrine is greatly complex and delicately adjusted to a special historical context. I reject the simplifications of Protestant polemists who allege the Golden Rule as

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singly decisive in the whole matter, or who argue that an authoritarian Church cannot be reconciled with a democratic society, or who assert (as indeed do some Catholic apologists) that the constitutional concept, "religion of the State," on the Spanish model, represents a "Catholic ideal," necessarily to be realized by inherent exigence of Catholic faith wherever there is a Catholic majority.

I refuse therefore to "sum it all up in a few words," however much I wish I could! This is not dishonesty, as one correspondent implies, but its exact opposite.

For the rest, if any of your readers wish to see the problem dealt with at length I refer them to three articles of mine in *Theological Studies* (of which I am Editor), for December 1948 (pp. 491–535), June 1949 (pp. 177–234), and September 1949 (pp. 409–32).

Finally, I was dismayed to learn that some readers understood me to be making a personal attack on Dr. Bowie. I profoundly regret this mistaken impression. It seemed to me sufficiently clear from my opening paragraph that I was aiming not at him but beyond him at the whole contemporary Protestant offensive against the Catholic Church. I deplore personal attacks, no matter who makes them. At the same time I maintain the right to deal sharply with an argument. If perhaps any of my language made it too difficult for my readers to make the distinction I myself had made — between a man and his argument — I am sorry.

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J.
Woodstock, Md.

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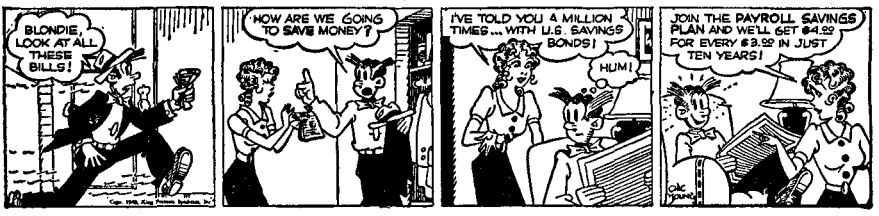

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